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VERSES AND RHYMES
BY THE WAY.



VERSES AND RHYMES

BY THE WAY.

BY
NORA PEMBROKE.

' These are poor Mungo's poems, which James Batter and me think excellent ; and if any one think otherwise, I wad just thank them to write better at their leisure.'

MANSIE WAUCH.



" All beneath the unrivalled rose
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Though large the forest monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorne grows
Adown the glade." BURNS.

Pembroke, Ont. :
S. E. MITCHELL.

MDCCCLXXX.



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To Mrs. Irbing,

PEMBROKE.

I dedicate these verses to one whom I hold dear,
One who in the dark days drew in Christian kindness near.
May He who led me all my life do so and more to me
If ever I forget the debt of love I owe to thee.



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VERSES AND RHYMES BY THE WAY.

A STORY OF PLANTAGENET.

In the small Village of St. Joseph, below the City of Ottawa, still lives or did live very recently, an ancient couple, whose story is told in the following lines.

PART I.

LAYS of fair dames of lofty birth,
And golden hair all richly curled ;
Of knights that venture life for love,
Suit poets of the older world.
We will not fill our simple rhymes,
With diamond flash, or gleaming pearl ;
In singing of the by-gone times ;
We simply sing the love and faith,
Outliving absence, strong as death,
Of one low-born Canadian girl.

'Twas long ago : the rapid spring
Had scarce given place to summer yet,
The Ottawa, with swollen flood,
Rolled past thy banks, Plantagenet ;
Thy banks where tall and plumed pines
Stood rank on rank, in serried lines.
Green islands, each with leafy crest,
Lay peaceful on the river's breast,

The trees, ere this, had, one by one,
Shook out their leaflets to the sun,
Forming a rustling, waving screen,
While swollen waters rolled between.

The wild deer trooped through woodland path,
And sought the river's strand,
Slight danger then of flashing death,
From roving hunter's hand ;
For very seldom was there seen
A hunter of the doomed red race,
Few spots, with miles of bush between,
Marked each a settler's dwelling-place.
No lumberer's axe, no snorting scream
Of fierce, though trained and harnessed steam,
No paddle-wheel's revolving sound,
No raftsman's cheer, no bay of hound
Was heard to break the silent spell
That seemed to rest o'er wood and dell,
All was so new, so in its prime—
An almost perfect solitude ;
As if had passed but little time
Since the All Father called it good.
Nature in one thanksgiving psalm,
Gathered each sound that broke the calm.

There was a little clearing there—
A snow white cot—a garden fair—
Where useful plants in order set,
With bergamot and mignonette.
Glories that round the casement run,
And pansies smiling at the sun,
And wild-wood blossoms fair and sweet,
Showed forth how thrift and beauty meet ;
There was a space to plant and sow,
Fenced by the pines strong hands laid low.

By that lonely cottage stood,
With eyes fixed on the swollen flood,
A slight young girl with raven hair,
And face that was both sad and fair.

Oh, fair and lovely are the maids,
Nursed in Canadian forest shades;
The beauties of the older lands
Moulded anew by nature's hands,
Fired by the free Canadian soul,
Join to produce a matchless whole.
The roses of Britannia's Isle,
In rosy blush and rosy smile;
The light of true and tender eyes,
As blue and pure as summer skies;
Light-footed maids, as matchless fair
As grow by Scotia's heath fringed rills—
Sweet as the hawthorn scented air,
And true as the eternal hills.
We have the arch yet tender grace,
The power to charm of Erin's race;
The peachy cheek, the rosebud mouth,
Imported from the sunny south,
With the dark, melting, lustrous eye,
Silk lashes curtain languidly.

The charms of many lands had met
In Marie of Plantagenet;
She had the splendid southern eye
She had the northern brow of snow,
The blush caught from a northern sky,
Dark silky locks of southern flow,
Light-footed as the forest roe,
As stately as the mountain pine,
A smile that lighted up her face,
The sunshine of a maiden's grace,
And made her beauty half divine.

So fair of face, so fair of form
Was she the peerless forest born.
Nature is kindly to her own,
To this Canadian cottage lone,
A back-wood settler's lot to bless,
She brought this flower of loveliness,
Seldom such beauty does she bring
To grace the palace of a king.

A chevalier of sunny France,
Whom fate ordained to wander here,
To trade, to trap, to hunt the deer,
To roam with free foot through the wild,
He chanced, at husking, in the dance
To meet Marie, Le Paige's child,—
And vowed that, roaming everywhere,
Except the lady fair as day,
Who held his troth-plight far away,
He ne'er saw face or form so fair;
From France's fair and stately queen,
To maiden dancing on the green,
From lowly bower to lordly hall,
This forest maid outshone them all.

When old Le Paige would hear this praise,
Then would he turn and smiling say
To the plump partner of his days,
"We who know our Marie well,
How true the heart so young and gay,
We will not of her beauty tell.
Her love is more to thee and me,
And yet our child is fair to see."

So many a dashing hunter brave,
And many an axeman of the wood,
And hardy settler was her slave
And thought the bondage very good;

But she, so kind to those she met,
She smiled on all, but walked apart,
Keeping the treasure of her heart,
The fair Queen of Plantagenet,
No thought of love her bosom stirs
Toward her rustic worshippers.
Until one came and settled near
Famed as a hunter of the deer.

The firmest hand, the truest eye,
The dauntless heart and courage high
Where his ; and famed beyond his years
He stood among his young compeers,
He, ere the snow-wreath left the land,
Slew two fierce wolves with single hand ;
Famished they followed on his tracks,
He armed with nothing but his axe.
He knew the river far and near,
Beyond the foaming dread Chaudiere ;
Far, far beyond that spot of fear
He'd been a hardy voyageur.
Through the white swells of many a sault
Had safely steered his bark canoe ;
Knew how to pass each raging chute,
Though boiling like the wild Culbute.
The wilds of nature were his home ;
His paddle beat the fleecy foam
Of surging rapids' yeasty spray,
And bore him often far away.
Beyond the pinefringed Allumette,
He saw the sun in glory set ;
His boat-song roused the lurking fox
From den beside the Oiseau rock.
Upward upon the river's breast,
The highway to the wild Nor-west,
Past the long lake Temiscamingue,
Where wild drakes plume their glossy wing,

Oft had he urged his light canoe,
Hunting the moose and caribou ;
He knew each portage on the way
To the far posts of Hudson's Bay,
And even its frozen waters saw,
When roaming *courier du bois*,
In the great Company's employ,
Which he had entered when a boy.
Comely he was, and blithe, and young,
Had a light heart and merry tongue,
And bright dark eye, was brave and bold,
Skilful to earn, and wise to hold,
And so this hunter came our way,
And stole our wood nymph's heart away ;
And it became Belle Marie's lot
To love Napoleon Rajotte.

Of all the sad despairing swains,
Foredoomed to disappointment's pains,
None felt the pangs of jealous woe
So keenly as Antoine Vaiseau.
A thrifty settler's only son,
Who much of backwoods wealth had won ;
A steady lad of nature mild,
Had been her playmate from a child,
And saw a stranger thus come in,
And take what he had died to win.
He saw him loved the best, the first,
Still he his hopeless passion nursed.

At Easter time the Curé came,
And after Easter time was gone,
The hunter brave, the peerless dame
Were blessed and made for ever one

Beside the cottage white she stood,
And looked across the swelling flood—

Across the wave that rolled between
The islets robed in tender green,
Watching with eager eyes, she views
A fleet of large well-manned canoes ;
The high curved bow and stern she knew,
That marked each " Company canoe ;"
And o'er the wave both strong and clear,
Their boat-song floated to her ear.
She marked their paddles' steady dip,
And listened with a quivering lip ;
Her bridegroom, daring, gay, and young,
With the bold heart and winning tongue,
Was with them, upward bound, away
To the far posts of Hudson's Bay ;
Gone ere the honeymoon is past,
The bright brief moon too sweet to last ;
Gone for two long and dreary years ;
And she must wait and watch at home,
Bear patiently her woman's fears,
And hope and pray until he come ;
She stands there still although the last
Canoe of all the fleet is past.
Of paddle's dip, of boat-song gay,
The last faint sound has died away ;
She only said in turning home
" I'll wait and pray until he come."

PART II.

SPRING flung abroad her dewy charms,
And blushing grew to summer shine ;
Summer sped on with outstretched arms,
To meet brown autumn crowned with vine ;
The forest glowed in gold and green,
The leafy maples flamed in red
With the warm, hazy, happy beam
Of Indian summer overhead ;

Bright, fair, and fleet as passing dream.

The autumn also hurried on,
And, shuddering, dropped her leafy screen ;
The ice-king from the frozen zone,
In fleecy robe of ermine dressed,
Came stopping rivers with his hand
Binding in chains of ice the land ;
Bringing, ere early spring he met,
To Marie of Plantagenet,
A pearly snow-drop for her breast,
An infant Marie to her home
To brighten it until *he* come.

Twice had the melting nor-west snow
Come down to flood the Ottawa's wave.
"The seasons as they come and go
Bring back," she said, "the happy day
To welcome him from far away ;
Thy father, child, my hunter brave."
That snow-drop baby now could stand,
And run to Marie's outstretched hand ;
Had all the charms that are alone
To youthful nursing mothers known.

'Twas summer in the dusty street,
'Twas summer in the busy town,
Summer in forests waving green,
When, at an inn in old Lachine,
And in the room where strangers meet,
Sat one, bright-eyed and bold and brown.
Soon will he joyful start for home,
For home in fair Plantagenet.
His wallet filled with two years' pay,
Well won at distant Hudson's Bay,
And the silk dress that stands alone,
For her the darling, dark-eyed one.
Parted so long, so soon to meet,

His every thought of her is sweet.
"My bride, my wife, with what regret,
I left her at Plantagenet!"
There came no whisper through the air
To tell him of his baby fair.
But still he sat with absent eye,
And thoughts that were all homeward bound,
And passed the glass untasted by,
While jest, and mirth, and song went round.
There sat and jested, drank and sung,
The captain of an Erie boat,
With Erin's merry heart and tongue,
A skilful captain when afloat—
On shore a boon companion gay;
The foremost in a tavern brawl,
To dance or drink the night away,
Or make love in the servants' hall.
The merry devil in his eye
Could well all passing round him spy.
Wanting picked men to man his boat,
Eager to be once more afloat,
His keen eye knew the man he sought;
At once he pitched upon Rajotte.
The bright, brown man, so silent there,
He judged could both endure and dare;
He waited till he caught his eye,
Then raising up his glass on high,
"Stranger, I drink your health," said he,
"You'll sail the 'Emerald Isle,' with me.
"A smarter crew, a better boat,
"Lake Erie's waves will never float,
"I want but one to fill my crew;
"I wish no better man than you;
"High wage, light work, a jolly life
"Is ours—no care, no fret, no strife.
"So come before the good chance pass,
"And drown our bargain in the glass."

"Not so," Rajotte said with a smile,
"Let others sail the 'Emerald Isle,'
For I have been two years away,
A trapper at the Hudson's Bay ;
Two years is long enough to roam,
I'm bound to see my wife and home."

The captain shook his curly head,
"Did you not hear the news?" he said,
"Last summer came from Hudson's Bay,
A courier from York Factory.
He brought the news that you were dead—
Killed by a wounded grizzly bear
When trapping all alone up there—
Found you himself the fellow said ;
And your wife mourned and wept her fill
Refusing to be comforted.
But grief you know will pass away,
She found new love as women will ;
And married here the other day."

Not doubting aught of what he heard
He sat, but neither spoke nor stirred.
His heart gave one great throb of pain,
And stopped—then bounded on again.
His bronze face took an ashen hue,
As his great woe came blanching through,
And stormy thoughts with stinging pain
Swept with wild anguish through his brain ;
But not a word he spoke.
They only saw his lips grow pale,
But no word questioned of the tale.
You might have thought the captain bold,
Had almost wished his tale untold ;
But careless he of working harm
When coveting that brave right arm.
At last the silence broke :

"He who brought news that I was dead,
Is it to him my wife is wed?
Was it? I know it must be so.
It must have been Antoine Vaiseau."
"Yes," said the Captain, "'tis the same,
Antoine Vaiseau's the very name."

So ere the morrow's morn had come,
Rajotte had turned his back from home,
And gone for ever more,
Gone off, alone with his despair,
While his true wife and baby fair,
Watched for him at the door.

The rough crew of the "Emerald Isle,"
Had one grim man without a smile,
So prompt to do, so wild to dare,
Reckless and nursing his despair.
The merry light had left his glance,
His foot refused to join the dance.

His heart refused to pray.
"Oh to forget!" he oft would cry,
Forget this ceaseless agony,
To fly from thought away."
Woe spun her white threads in his hair,
And bitter and unblessed despair
Ploughed furrows in his face;
Grief her dark shade on all things cast;
None dared to question of the past,
His sorrow seemed disgrace.

When rumour rose of Indian war;
Troops mustering for the west afar,
That wanted them a guide;
Rajotte said "I'm the man to go."
War's din he thought would drown his woe,
'Twas well the world was wide.

The Black Hawk war began—went on :
(Men dare not tell what men have done—
The white's relentless cruelty
O'ermastering Indian treachery ;)
Rajotte, a stern determined man,
Sought death, forever in the van
On many a fierce-fought battle plain ;
His life seemed charmed—he sought in vain.

Spring came and went—the years went past ;
War ended, peace came round at last ;
But war might go, and peace might come,
Rajotte thought not of turning home.
Till, failing strength, and fading eye,
He turned him homeward just to die.
Perhaps although he felt it not,
In his fierce wrestling with his lot,
There was a drawing influence
From the dear home so far away ;
And faithful prayers had risen from thence,
To Him who hears us when we pray,
Who watched the lonely waiting heart
That nursed its love and faith apart ;
And, pitying her well borne pain,
Ordained it should not be in vain.

PART III.

Now turn we to Plantagenet :

Through all these weary, waiting years,
How many hopes and fears have met !

How many prayers, how many tears !
When the time came that he should come
Back to his fair young wife and home,
Often and often would she say,
“ He'll surely come to us to-day.”

Pet Marie's best robe was put on,
And the poor mother dressed with care—
Glad that she was both young and fair—
"To meet thy father, little one."
Oft standing on the very spot
Where she had parted from Rajotte,
She stood a patient watcher long;
And listened eagerly to hear
The voyageurs' returning song
Come floating to her ear.
But still he came not; years went by,
Yet she must pray, and hope, and wait;
His form would some day meet her eye,
His step sound at the river gate.
Oh! it was hard to hear them say,
"He comes not, and he must be dead.
Cease pining all your life away;
'Twere better far that you should wed.
And Antoine keeps his first love still,
And Antoine is so well to do;
You may be happy if you will
His pleading eyes ask leave to woo."
'Twas a relief to steal away,
And tell her ebon rosary,
And to the Virgin Mother pray;
Thinking that she in Heaven above,
Remembered all of earthly love,
And human sympathy;
And having suffered human pain—
Known what it was to grieve in vain—
Might bend to listen to her prayer,
And make the absent one her care
In pleading with her Son.

She waited while the years went on,
And would not think that hope was gone;
Ever his steps seemed sounding near,

His voice came floating to her ear,
And longing prayer, and yearning pain
Reached out to draw him back again ;
And love beyond all estimate
Strengthened her heart to hope and wait.
Pet Marie grew up tall and fair,
Her girlish love, her merry ways
Kept the poor mother from despair
Through many weary nights and days.

Spring and high water both had met
Once more at fair Plantagenet ;
Once more the island trees were seen
Adorned with leaves of tender green ;
Aux Lievres's roar was heard afar,
Where waters dashed on rocks to spray,
Roaring and tumbling in their play,
Kept up a boisterous holiday,
With tumult loud of mimic war.
The wild ducks of Lochaber's Bay

Were playing round on wanton wing,
Rippling the current with their breasts,
Feeling the gladness of the spring,
Pairing and building happy nests.
All sounds of spring were in the air,
All sights of spring were fresh and fair.
Sad Marie of Plantagenet,

With silver threads among her hair,
And by her side her blooming pet,
As she had once been, fresh and fair,
Stood on the bank that glorious day
Thinking of him so long away.
Awhile they both in silence stood,
Then Marie said, " The Nor-west flood
Again another year has come.
You see those water-fowl at play
Come with the flood from far away.

What flood will bring your father home ?
'Tis seventeen years ago to-day,
Since, parting here, he went away."
Just then young Marie, glancing round :
"Mamma, I hear a paddle's sound ;
Look there, those maple branches through,
Below us, there's a bark canoe,
'Tis stopping at our landing place.
There's but one man with hair so grey,
And a worn weather-beaten face—
See, he is coming up this way.
Mamma, I wonder who is he ;
Stay here and I will go and see."

Rajotte who thought he did not care—
That he had conquered even despair,
Could bear to *see* as well as *know*
That Marie was the Dame Vaiseau,
Came to the parting spot, and there,
In the bright sunlight's happy beams,
Stood the fair image of his dreams.
As young as on the parting day,
As bright as when he went away,
As beautiful as when he met
Her first in fair Plantagenet ;
His Marie, living, breathing, warm,
Her glorious eyes, her midnight hair
Shading the beauty of her face ;
The same lithe, rounded, perfect form,
The look of true and tender grace.

Rajotte stood spell-bound, and the past
Seemed fading like a horrid dream.
"Marie," he said, "I'm home at last ;
Speak, Marie, are you what you seem ?
After all these long years of pain,
Art thou love given to me again ?"

The maiden stood with wondering eyes,
Silent, because of her surprise,
But the wife Marie gave a cry
Of joy that rose to agony.
She rushed the long lost one to meet,
And falling, fainted at his feet.
He held the true wife's pallid charms
Slowly reviving in his arms,
And then he surely learned to know
A little of the grand, true heart
That through so many years of woe
Waited, and prayed, and watched apart,
Keeping love's light while he was gone,
Like sacred fire still burning on.

While hearts are bargained for and sold,
In fashion's fortune-chasing whirl,
We simply sing the love and faith
Out-living absence strong as death,
Of one low-born Canadian girl.

A LEGEND OF BUCKINGHAM VILLAGE.

PART I.

AWAY up on the River aux Lievres,
That is foaming and surging alway,
And from rock to rock leaping through rapids,
Which are curtained by showers of spray;

That is eddying, whirling and chasing
All the white swells that break on the shore;
And then dashing and thundering onward,
With the sound of a cataract's roar.

And up here is the Buckingham village,
Which is built on these waters of strife ;
It was here that the minister Babin,
Stood and preached of the Gospel of Life ;

Of the message of love and of mercy,
The glad tidings of freedom and peace,
Of help for the hopeless and helpless,
For all weary ones rest and relief.

Was his message all noise like the rapids ?
Was it empty and light as the foam ?
Ah me ! what thought the desolate inmate
Of the still upper room of his home ?

One too many, one sad and unwelcome,
That reclined in an invalid's chair,
With her pale, busy fingers still knitting
Yarn mingled with sorrow and care.

And the brother stood up in the pulpit,
Stood up there in the neat village church,
And he preached of the pool of Bethesda,
Where the poor lame man lay in the porch.

Waiting for the invisible mercy,
That shall healing and blessedness bring ;
For those soft waters never were troubled,
Until swept by the life angel's wing.

But was that cottage home a Bethesda ?
Was the porch up the dark narrow stair ?
Were the thoughts of the lonely sister
Brighter made by a fond brother's care ?

Ah who knows !—for the chair now is empty,
And the impotent girl is away ;

While the night and the darkness covered
Such a deed from the light of the day.

Did she struggle for her dear existence ?
Did the wild night winds bear off her cry ?
Ere the pitiless, swift surging waters,
Caught and smothered her agony ;

And again when the black, whirling eddy,
Drew her down to its cold, rocky bed,
Who was it that stood so remorseless
On the strong ice arched over her head ?

Men may join and strike hands to hide it,
And agree to say evil is good ;
Mingled with the loud roar of the waters,
Rings the cry of our lost sister's blood.

Mirth and song, and untimely music,
May sound up to the starry skies ;
Nought of earth can stifle the gnawing
Of that dread worm that never dies.

PART II.

AWAY in a distant city,
Is a stranger all unknown ;
Far, far from the leaping river,
That is rushing past his home.

He lay in the stilly silence
Of a quiet, darkened room,
Feeling that the dread death angel
Stands in the gathering gloom.

One foot on shadowy waters,
One foot on the earthly shore ;

He swears to the shrinking mortal,
That his time shall be no more.

The spray of the silent river,
Is cold beaded on his brow ;
For Jordan's billowy swellings
Are bearing him onward now.

He is floating into darkness,
Going with the shifting tide ;
And there is the seat of judgment,
Waits him at the further side.

But his eyes are looking backward,
In pauses of mortal strife,
And he sees the quiet village,
Where he preached the word of life.

And he sees the pleasant cottage,
To which in the flush of pride,
The popular village pastor,
Brought home a most haughty bride.

But ever there comes another,
With a pale and pleading face ;
So helpless, and so unwelcome,
A burden and a disgrace.

And the river roars and rushes,
Leaping past with fearful din ;
Its ever foaming caldron
Suggesting a deadly sin.

Saying, " I am partially sheeted,
In the winter's ice and snow ;
What's plunged in my dashing waters,
No mortal shall ever know."

So ever with nervous fingers,
He harnesses up his sleigh ;
So ever with stealthy movements,
He travels the icy way.

And stops where the yawning chasm,
Shows the yawning wave beneath,
And she knows with sudden horror,
That she has been brought to her death.

Her weak hands cling to his bosom,
His ears are thrilled with her cry ;
When the last struggling strength went forth
In that shriek of agony.

So his most unwilling spirit,
Still travels memory's track,
Despair staring blindly forward,
Remorse ever dragging back.

Again he walks by the waters,
While innocent mortals sleep,
Asking the pitiless river,
The horrible deed to keep.

Spring comes and the ice is breaking,
Does it break before its time ?
Then he knows on God's fair footstool
No shelter there is for crime.

For the rushing, tempting waters,
Have got an accusing roar ;
The treacherous sweeping eddy
Has brought the crime to his door.

Then he lives over and over,
That moment of anguished dread,

When the cry arose—awestruck hands
Had found and borne off his dead.

Thus he, conscience-lashed and goaded,
Feeling as the murderer feels,
Has reached the last, last spot of earth,
The Avenger at his heels.

Ah me! to plunge in those swellings,
Along with that ghastly face;
Going out on unknown waters
In that clinging dread embrace.

So he floated on to judgment,
What award may meet him there,
Who knows—but his earthly punishment
Was greater than he could bear.

OTTAWA.

HAIL! to the city sitting as a queen
Enthroned, a cataract on either hand,
The voice of many waters in her ears,
And the great river tranquil at her feet,
Smoothing his locks and all his foamy mane
After his wild leap from the rifted rocks;
And, while he fawns about her feet, she sits
A young Cybele diademed with towers;
So young, yet on her sandals there is blood,
And all the river will not wash it out
Spilt at her feet for being true to her;
So young, and well she doth become her state;
We look, and know her born to be a queen,
Before the mother finger o'er the sea

Touched her, and made her royal with a touch ;
For, seated where the thundering waters meet,
Spanned by her fingers, she can lay her hand
On two fair provinces, and call them hers ;
Greater than those which swell and pride themselves
In long, loud titles in the older world ;
The whirl and hum of industry are here,
And all the fragrance of the enriching pine ;
And on the river in the wake of boats
That snort and prance like Neptune's battle steeds,
Pawing the water with impatient steps,
Passes our floating wealth that seeks the sea.

THE LAKE ALLUMETTE.

“ One is not.”

HAVE you seen the beautiful Allumette,
The magnificent pine-fringed lake,
In its splendour the sun about to set,
Ere the fair lady moon awake.

The waters are tinged with a golden glow,
With rose and ruby and purple bars ;
Heaven's mantle flung on the lake below
Till it fades off beneath the stars.

The distant hills, robed in violet mist
Of the heavenly hues partake,
As they stand, with the sunlight crowned and kissed,
On guard round the beautiful lake.

Over the waters ride gay little boats,
Diamonds flash from the dipping oars ;

Laughter and song's mingled melody floats
To ripple and die around the shores.

Life is so gay on the Lake Allumette,
Ah me ! does its sky ever frown
On a place unmarked, unheeded, and yet
In that place my brother went down.

Sad hearted we sit by Lake Allumette,
Who saw him go down in the wave ;
And question ourselves in anguished regret,
Did we make every effort to save ?

For those who are left, to some one so dear,
We tried feebly warning to set ;
We have failed, we look with sorrow and fear
For woe that must come by Lake Allumette.

HOW PRINCE ARTHUR WAS WELCOMED TO PEMBROKE.

Do you know the town Pembroke so loyal and long
And so worthy the praise of a poet in song ?
Nestled down by the lake shore, that ripples and shines,
And hemmed in by the hills with their crowning of pines,
Now this town is that town so wondrous and fair,
Long thought to be but a chateau in the air,
Where the sons are all brave and the daughters all fair.

You may guess what great gladness there rang down the
street,
Where the wise and the witty so neighbourly meet,
To compare their opinions to hear something new,
As their friends the Athenians of old used to do,

32 HOW PRINCE ARTHUR WAS WELCOMED TO PEMBROKE.

When the news was to all so gracious and good,
"There is coming to see us a Prince of the blood."
Then all our good people grew loyalty wild
To show love for the Queen as they welcomed her child.
Straightway counsel was ta'en as to what should be done
For to greet as befitted her Majesty's son,
In a way to bring credit and praise to the town.

"We must have an arch at the bridge, and a crown,
And 'Welcome to Arthur,' arranged all so fine
With balsam and tamarack, spruce and green pine;
But the crown shall be flowers, the fairest that blow,
Or are made by deft fingers, from paper you know,
And many a fair one who skilfully weaves
Wreaths and garlands, shall bring them of ripe maple
leaves;

And then, as 'Jason Gould' that so snug little boat,
The most cosy, most homelike was ever afloat,
Will not quicken herself for a Prince or for two,
But will at her own pace the Mud Lake paddle through.
It will be about midnight, or later than that,
And as dark as the crown of your grandfather's hat,
When that ponderous boat waddles up to the pier,
A tired Prince will his Highness be when he gets here.
We'll illumine the town, from mansion to cell,
County buildings and cottages, home and hotel,
And the arch with its motto, that triumph of skill,
Shall be seen in its glory by light from the mill,
Which floor upon floor many windowed shall blaze
And light up each bud in the crown with its rays.
We shall have out that carriage, so costly and grand,
Fit to carry the one Royal Prince in this land;
And a crowd bearing torches shall light up the way,
Till along Supple's lane be as brilliant as day.
And to guard and escort him our brave volunteers
With their swords and their bayonets, which ought to be
spears,
Shall wait at the landing for him, and the band

With the noise and the music they have at command,
 Shall be heard in the distance before they are seen,
 Rolling out the first greeting in "God save the Queen."
 Well, the Prince over portages rattled and whirled,
 Suspected he drew near the end of the world,
 But, right royally welcomed, surprised he lit down
 In this dazzling, ambitious and long little town.
 And the night air was rent with full many a cheer
 For joy that the son of our Sovereign was here.
 And he heard every sound, and he saw every sight,
 That the people had planned for to give him delight ;
 And he felt he was cared for with loyalty's care,
 In this wonderful town, so far off, and so fair ;
 In the whole wide Dominion there is not a town
 So loyal, so lovely as this of our own.
 Broad Ottawa washes no happier place,
 As it lies in sweet Allumette's tender embrace.
 Oh, to see it when autumn and sunset unite
 To drape earth and sky with one robe of delight,
 When the banners of heaven in the west are unrolled,
 And the blue lake is barred off with purple and gold ;
 And the Isle, like the patriarch's favourite son,
 Its coat many coloured and royal has on.
 Thus fair as a vision, and sweet as a dream,
 It burst on the gaze of the son of our Queen ;
 In the glory of fair Indian summer all drest,
 And this was the welcome they felt and expressed.

THE WELCOME.

WE welcome thee Prince to the land of the pine,
 For thy mother's sake welcome, as well as for thine ;
 This town highest up in the Ottawa vale,
 With the voice of pine forests gives cheer, and all hail.
 Our welcome as rude as the mountains may be,
 But that cheer is the willing voiced shout of the free.
 And though rude be our welcome, you'll find us, I ween,

Most lovingly loyal to cōuntry and Queen.
Come and see our sweet lake, when its waters' at rest
Chafe not round the islands that sleep on its breast.
And our woods many tinted in glory arrayed,
Dyed in rainbows and sunsets illumine the shade.
Come and see our dark rocks frowning sterile and high,
Their brown shoulders bare and upheaved to the sky ;
Come and see our grand forests, all echoing round
With the strokes that are bringing their pride to the
ground ;
Where thousands of workers bold, hardy and free,
Carve out wealth for themselves and an empire for thee.
Our river now placid, now surging to foam,
Shall echo kind thoughts that will follow thee home.
All good wishes that tender and prayer like arise,
And blessings that fall as the dew from the skies,
Shall be breathed out for thee our young Prince of the blood,
Son of much loved Victoria and Albert the Good.
May thy heart be all fearless, thy life without stain,
As the saint and the hero are joined in thy name.
Forget not the people whose love thou hast seen
God bless thee Prince Arthur thou, son of our Queen.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR AN ONLY ONE.

(CLARISSA HARLOW.)

SEEK not to calm my grief,
To stay the falling tear ;
Have pity on me, ye my friends,
The hand of God is here.

She was my only one,
Oh, then my love how great !

Now she is gone, my heart and home
Are empty, desolate.

I thought not, in my love,
That we were doomed to part;
Now I am childless, and my fate
Falls heavy on my heart.

O Thou who gave the gift,
Who took the gift away,
Who only can heal up the wound,
Give answer while I pray !

Do Thou send comfort down,
All goodness as Thou art,
Even in Thy last passion, Thou
Didst soothe a mother's heart.

I would not take her back,
From Thee, from Heaven and bliss,
Though yearning for her twining arms,
And happy loving kiss.

I miss her bounding step,
Her voice of bird-like glee ;
Yet thank Thee I had such a child
To give her back to Thee.

Father, my child ! my child,
Is laid beneath the sod !
And, oh ! with quivering lips I try
To kiss the chastening rod.

Father, Thy will be done.
Oh make my will the same !
And teach me in this trying hour,
To glorify Thy name.

SERVANTS.

THEY are but servants, say the words of scorning,
As though they meant to say, we're finer clay;
Yet, all the universe holds solemn warning,
Against this pride in creatures of a day.

In fashion's last new folly, flaunting slowly,
With white plumes tossing on the Sabbath air
They pass with scornful words a sister lowly.
Do scornful lips know anything of prayer?

Alas! poor human nature's inconsistency,
Up to God's house we go, that we be fed;
And there, as beggars begging for assistance,
Say "Give us, Lord, this day our daily bread."

Without a price, the priceless blessings buying
Which are laid up for us, with Christ in God;
To Him we come as little children crying,
That He may guide us by His staff and rod,

We leave His presence on the Sabbath morning,
Feeling forgiven, feeling satisfied;
Then pass our lowlier sisters full of scorning
Ruffling ourselves as those that dwell in pride.

Yet He to whom we come with wishes fervent,
When He came down as bearing our relief,
It was His will to come in form a servant,
Being despised, being acquaint with grief.

Earth's mighty conquerors, it is said, have founded
Orders of merit, after fields were won.
And victors' brows the laurel wreath surrounded,
To tell of daring deeds most bravely done.

Trifles as fading as the classic laurel,
Became the guerdon of each mighty deed,
Titles and stars rewarded mortal peril,
And men for such as these would gladly bleed.

But He, our holy, sinless, suffering Saviour,
When He sat down upon a conqueror's throne,
Ordained the soldiers of the cross that ever
They wear the name in which He victory won.

Servants to do all things He hath commanded,
To bear the service which our Lord has borne,
To suffer for His name, with false words branded,
To pay with loving service bitter scorn.

What was beforetime low, is now the highest,
And that is glory that the world calls shame,
Those who can say "I serve" to Him are nighest
Because the Son hath worn a servant's name.

Lift up your heads heed not the words of scorning,
From those whose earnest life is not begun ;
Blessed are they who on the judgment morning
Hear from the Master, "Servant, 'tis well done."

ALAS, MY BROTHER !

(P. McD.)

We waited for him, and the anxious days
Melted to years and floated slowly by :
We spoke of him kind words of lofty praise,
Of yearning love and tender sympathy.

We laid by what was his with reverent care—
Started in dreams to greet him coming home—
But hope deferred left no relief but prayer,
And heart-sore longings breathed in one word—Come.

We never dreamed of murderous ambush laid
By savage redskins greedy for the prey—
Of him, our darling, in the forest laid
Alone, alone, ebbing his life away.

He who would not have harmed the meanest thing,
Who carried gentleness to such excess
That, to the stranger and the suffering,
His purse meant help, his touch was a caress.

Ah me ! that cruel far off land of gold,
That lured him off beyond the ocean foam,
To roam a stranger among strangers cold—
His blank life only cheered by news from home.

The home that he was never more to see,
While yet his heart was planning his return,
Short, sharp and swift the message came, and he
Passed to his long home o'er the mystic bourne.

And while we watched for him the grass was green
Upon his grave, swept by the summer air ;
There grow strange flowers—passes the hunter keen,
The stately caribou and grizzly bear.

But never more his mother's eyes he'll bless,
Or with a fond embrace his sisters meet ;
No brother's hand will he in welcome press,
Nor his hound's bay tell of his coming feet.

To us remains the mourner's *never more*,
And aching hearts and eyes with sorrow dim ;
Thou who at Bethany their sorrow bore,
Draw nigh us also while we weep for him.

I WILL NOT BE COMFORTED BECAUSE ONE IS
NOT.

THERE is a gladness over all the earth,
For summer is abroad in breezy mirth ;
Nature rejoices and the heavens are glad,
And I alone am desolate and sad ;
For I sit mourning by an empty cot,
Refusing comfort because one is not.

And I will mourn because I am bereaved ;
Others have suffered, others too have grieved
Over hopes broken even as mine are broke,
By a swift, unexpected bitter stroke ;
And I must weep as weeping Jacob prest,
To grieving lips his last one's princely vest.

You tell me cease weeping, to resign
Unto the Father's will this will of mine ;
You say my lamb is on the Shepherd's breast,
My flower blooms in gardens of the blest ;
I know it all, I say, Thy will be done,
Yet I must mourn for him—my son ! my son !

TO A FATHER'S MEMORY.

(J. M. D.)

I THANK Thee, Father, that I feel Thee near,
That it is hand of Thine that's raised to smite ;
Oh, make Thy loving kindness to appear ;
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right !

Poor woe-worn watchers ! he is going home ;
 No skill can save him, and no love can keep ;
 He served his generation—he is gone,
 And gathered to his fathers, falls asleep.

We've bitter cups to drain—but his is dry ;
 Burdens of care—but care has left his breast ;
 Tears—but they never more shall dim his eye ;
 Labour,—but he has entered into rest.

Oh, to be with him, toil and care all past,
 Sleeping, dear mother earth, within thy breast,
 I, too, could lay my hand in thine, O death,
 And gladly enter where the weary rest.

ORSON'S FAREWELL.

(ORSON GROUT),

One of the victims of the Southern Prisons.

SIT by me comrade, thou and I have stood
 Shoulder to shoulder on the battle-field,
 And bore us there like men of British blood,
 But comrade this is death, and I must yield.

You have been leal, my friend, and true and tried
 In battle, in captivity to me ;
 Since we went up to worship side by side
 O'er the green hills I never more shall see.

From this dread prison pen, thou shalt go forth ;
 But I, I know it, never more shall rise,
 Nor see my home in the cool pleasant North,
 Nor see again my wife's dark mournful eyes.

Nor see my children, every shining head
And merry eye, for what know they of grief;
'Twill still their play to know that I am dead;
But childhood's woe, thank God, is always brief.

Try to cheer Annie in her widowed woe;
Let her hear words of comfort at thy mouth;
But, friend, I charge thee, do not let her know
Aught of the tender mercies of the South.

Tell her that I have never been alone,
One like the Son of Man was by my side;
The Everlasting arms were round me thrown
Of my dear Lord who for our freedom died.

I don't regret, that though of British birth,
I have been true to the cause unto death;
'Tis not alone the Union, or the North,
It is the people's cause o'er all the earth.

And it shall prosper, and this slaughter pen
Shall be a monument of Southern chivalry
Before the world;—thus proving to all men
Slave power begets and sanctions cruelty.

From here went up for years the bondman's cry;
In the same glaring sun and rotting dew,
The white war-prisoners' cry of agony
To the great God of Battles rises too.

And He, who was by suffering perfected,
Watches the nation's life, the captive's pain;
And from the strife, beside her martyred dead,
With shield blood-cleansed from slavery's broad stain,

Columbia shall arise renewed, and wear
Her coronet of stars, and round her fold

Her robe of stripes, by righteousness made fair,
Which still exalts the nations as of old.

But I shall rest upon the other side,
Rest in that place of which no tongue can tell,
And thitherward my wife and babes He'll guide;
Friend, life's for thee, and death for me, Farewell !

DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In the Capitol is mourning,
Mourning and woe this day ;
For a nation's heart is throbbing—
A great man has passed away.

It was yester'even only
Rejoicing wild and high,
Waving flags and shouting people
Proclaimed a victory.

For our God had led our armies,
In the cause of truth and right ;
It was, therefore, the brave Southren
Had bowed to Northern might.

Then flashed o'er the land the tidings,
The flush of joy to quell,
Fallen is the people's hero,
As William the Silent fell.

The stealthy step of the panther,
The tiger's cruel eye ;
A flash—and the wail of a nation
Rang in that terrified cry.

Shame falls on the daring Southren,
Woe on the Southren land ;
The stars and bars are quartered
With the murderer's bloody hand.

Well—he stood to his duty firmly,
Rebellion's waves rolled high,
He dared to be true and simple
To battle a gilded lie.

And the life has died out of treason,
Died with oppression and wrong ;
The shame is wiped from the nation
Worn as a jewel so long.

But he, in the hour of triumph,
Who wise and firmly stood
Planning for them large mercies,
Lies weltering in his blood.

For a cause so vile meet ending,
To set with a murder stain ;
The “sum of human villainy”
Should die with the brand of Cain.

Lay him down with a nation's weeping ;
Lay him down with the heart's deep prayer
That the mantle of the martyr
Fall on the vacant chair.

ADDRESSES.

TO HON. MALCOM CAMERON.

By many a bard the Cameron clan is sung,
Their march, their charge, their war cry, their array ;
Their laurels that from bloody fields have sprung,
Where they have kept the sternest foes at bay.

The flowing tartan and the eagle plume,
The gathering, and the glories of the clan,
Let others sing, we will not so presume,
We bring our humble tribute to the man.

The man with heart benevolent and kind,
The man with earnest and persuasive tongue ;
Would there were many like him heart and mind
To combat with this fashionable wrong ;

Who longs to remedy these human ills,
Feeling God made of one blood all the earth ;
Whose sympathies have passed his native hills,
And spread beyond the clan that gave him birth.

Is it not sad when in high places so
No sense of honour or of shame remains ;
Men who make laws while reeling to and fro,
Statesmen with swaying step and muddled brains !

For scenes disgrace our new-built palace walls,
And Canada on some reformer waits ;
Shall vice within the Legislative Halls
Be rampant as the lions on the gates ?

Oh for a man of action and of prayer,
Who feels this sin a national disgrace ;

A man who has the strength to do and dare
The pluck and courage of the Celtic race.

If thou art he, thou'rt welcome to the van,
To battle for the right in time of need ;
To win fresh laurels for the Cameron clan,
And thousands bid thee heartily God speed.

ERIN'S ADDRESS

TO THE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

O THOU son of the dark locks and eloquent tongue,
With the brain of a statesman sagacious, and strong,
And the heart of a poet, half love, and half fire,
Thou hast many to love thee and more to admire ;
But I bore thee, and nursed thee, and joyed at the fame
Which the sons of the stranger have spread round thy
I am Erin, green Erin, the "Gem of the sea." [name.
Listen, then, to thy mother's voice, D'Arcy McGee.

Since the crown from my head, and the sceptre are gone
To the hand of the stranger, who held what he won,
I have borne much of sorrow, of wrong and of shame,
I've been spoken against with scorning and blame ;
But still have my daughters been spotless and fair,
And my sons have been dauntless to do and to dare ;
For as great as thou art and most precious to me.
Still thou art not my only one, D'Arcy McGee.

At the bar, in the senate, in cassock or gown,
Our foes being judges, they've got them renown ;
On the red field of battle, of glory, of death,
They've been true to their colours and true to their faith ;

And where bright swords were clashing and carnage ran
high,
They have taught the stern Saxon they know how to die.
Well, no wit, poet, statesman or hero can be
More dear to my heart than thou, D'Arcy McGee.

Wild heads may plan glories for Erin their mother,
Weak plans and wicked plans chasing each other ;
To me worse than the loss of a sceptre and crown
Is a spot that might tarnish my children's renown,
'Tis the laurels they win are the jewels I prize,
They're the core of my heart and the light of my eyes ;
For my children are gems and crown jewels to me,
And art thou not one of them, D'Arcy McGee !

I had one son, and, oh, need I mention his name !
He who well knew where lay both our weakness and
shame ;
His true, tender heart sought to measure and know
This thing, most accursed, formed of babbling and woe ;
And his life did he dedicate freely, to slay
The monster that made my bright children his prey ;
In the place where the wine cup flows deadly and free,
The bane of the gifted, oh D'Arcy McGee.

For so well hath the father of lies tried to fling
A false glory around it, so hiding the sting,
Saying wit gets its flash, and high genius its fire,
From the fiend that drags genius and wit through the
mire.

Ah ! it biteth, it stingeth, it eateth away,
And our best and our brightest it takes for its prey,
'Tis the bowl of the helot, no cup for the free,
As thou very well knowest, my D'Arcy McGee.

Hast thou risen my loved one and cast from thy name
All the shadows that darken thy life with their shame ;

Thou hast raised thyself up, against wind, against tide,
Thou art high, thou art honoured, my joy and my pride ;
Now the song of the drunkard is chased from thy place,
And my pride is relieved from this touch of disgrace.
Thou wilt help to make Erin " great, glorious and free,"
And I bless thee my silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

NORA TO DAVID HERBISON.

There's a place in the North where the bonnie broom grows,
Where winding through green meadows the silver Maine
flows,

Every lark as it soars and sings that sweet spot knows ;

For the mate for whom it sings,

Till the clear blue heaven rings,

Is brooding on its nest mid the daisies in the grass ;

And that psalmist sweet, the thrush,

And the linnet in the bush,

Tell the children all their secrets in song as they pass.

Oh brightly shines the sun there where wee birdies sing,

A glamour's o'er the buds in the green lap of spring,

In happy, happy laughter children's voices ring !

Like some fair enchanted ground,

In memory it is found,

Where my childhood's golden hours of happiness were
spent ;

There within a leafy nook,

I have pored upon a book

Till romance and fairy lore with every thought were blent.

I mind how fair the world was one bright summer day,

Sitting in a shady place better seemed than play ;

Childhood's golden memories never fade away ;

My child friend most sweet and fair,
My bright Lily she was there ;
We read and mused in silence and spoke our thoughts by
turns ;

Lily, with her lofty look,
Turned oftenest to her book,
The book that lay between us was the peasant poet Burns.

The heaven-gifted man with winsome witching art,
Who touches at his will the kindly human heart,
Till it throbs with joy like pain and tears begin to start ;
He so tenderly touched ours
With his melting magic powers,
Made feelings which he felt within our bosoms spring,
Where he wished for Scotia's sake,
Some plan or book to make,
Or to write the bonnie songs his country loves to sing.

Fancies wild were ours on that day so long ago,
Stirred by Burns's genius, for we had learned to know
The beauty of sweet Erin and something of her woe ;
And in song we longed to tell
Of the land we loved so well,
Singing words of hope and cheer, wailing each sad mishap,
Like the daisies on the sod,
With their faces turned to God,
Clung we to the island green that nursed us on her lap.

I said to Lily, fair, my hand among her curls,
If we were Red Branch Knights, or high and noble Earls;
Or poets grand like Burns, instead of simple girls,
We might do some noble deed,
Or touch some tuneful reed,
Something for the land we love to bring her high renown,
The land where we were born ;
Is spoken of with scorn,
Her children's songs should praise her, her children's deeds
should crown.

My fair and stately Lily, how thy hand sought mine !
 Clasped it warm and tender with sympathy in thine,
 As I wished that we could make our " streams and burnies
 shine ; "

There's many a ruin old,
 There's many a castle bold,
 There's Sleive mis with his head in mist, here's the silver
 Maine ;

But who of them will sing
 Till the whole world shall ring,
 With the melody, and ask to hear it once again ?

If one of her own children standing boldly forth,
 With eyes to see her beauty, a heart to know her worth,
 Would fling the charm of song o'er the green robe of the
 North.

Lily said, sweet friend there's one,
 And his name is Herbison,
 Who sings of Northern Erin in sunlight and in storm ;
 Of the legend and the tale,
 Of the banshee's awful wail,
 Of Dunluce upon the sea, of the castle of Galgorm

Of the gallant deeds of the all but vanished race ;
 The high O'Neils who kept with princely state their place,
 Of their white-armed daughters in beauty's woeful race.

In that joyful youthful time
 All my pulses beat to rhyme,
 I thought what you were doing that I would also do ;
 I would praise the bonnie North,
 And draw its legends forth
 From cottage and from castle the pleasant country through.

I'd make the land I loved in poesy to shine ;
 The Maine should flow along in " many a tuneful line ; "
 Songs praising hills and streams full sweetly should be
 mine,

And the legends I would sing,
 From lip to lip should ring,
 My native land should ask for, and hear my humble name ;
 When like her tuneful son,
 Green laurels I had won,
 I'd think her love for me was better far than fame.

Blessed be the green recess by the sweet Maine water,
 where
 I a little child with my child friend sweet and fair
 Built with golden fancies this castle in the air !
 My child friend is at rest,
 Erin's shamrock's on her breast ;
 I her little minstrel am all unknown to fame,
 For the songs are all unsung,
 And not a northern tongue
 Has spoken once in praise my very unknown name.

But I know heroic souls beyond my feeble praise,
 I know of calm endurance like the great of other days,
 High deeds for battle song, worth a poet's noblest lays ;
 Of the pathos of the strife
 In the lowly walks of life, [crown ;
 Of many an unknown hero that has won the victor's
 And the lovely, lovely land,
 Landscape fair, and castle grand,
 Worthy the coming bard who will sing of their renown.

I love thee well, sweet Erin, though fate led another way ;
 I'll call thee still, *mavourneen*, when head and heart are
 grey ;
 Another one will say and sing what I have failed to say ;
 But this very day to me,
 There has come across the sea
 Some pleasant verses bearing a well remembered name ;
 That has done for Erin's land
 What I only thought and planned,
 And won a place in Erin's heart that I can never claim.

So unknown beside a pine-fringed lake away beyond the
 sea ;
Half in gladness of remembrance, half in wakened child-
 ish glee,
I stretch my hand in homage and kindredship to thee ;
 I greet thee this bright day
 From three thousand miles away,
And to thy well earned laurels I'd add a sprig of bay ;
 Glad to know thou'rt rhyming yet,
 For thy readers can't forget
 Erin's genial loving son,
Poet of the steadfast North, kindly David Herbison.

DEATH OF D'ARCY McGEE.

HE stood up in the house to speak,
 With calm unruffled brow ;
And never were his burning words
 More eloquent than now.

Fresh from the greatest victory
 That mortal man can win,
The triumph, against fearful odds,
 Over besetting sin.

'Twas this gave to his eloquence
 That thrilling trumpet tone,
Moving all hearts with those bright thoughts
 Vibrating through his own.

Thoughts strong, and wise, and statesmanlike,
 Warm with the love of Right,
That gave his wit its keenest edge,
 His words their greatest might.

He little thought his last speech closed,
That his career was o'er,
That those who hung upon his words
Should hear his voice no more.

He walked home tranquilly and slow,
Secure, and unaware,
That there was murder in the hush
Of the still midnight air.

" 'Tis morning," said he, knowing not
That he had done with time ;
That a bloody hand would our country stain
With another useless crime.

He stood before a portal closed
To him for evermore,
Behind him with uncreaking hinge
Oped the eternal door.

And ere the east grew red again,
His life blood's purple flow
Had made that pavement holy ground,
And filled the land with woe.

My country ! Oh my country !
What is to thee the gain ?
Wilt nourish trees of liberty
In blood so foully slain ?

LINES TO A SHAMROCK.

A SONG OF EXILE.

A WITHERED shamrock, yet to me 'tis fair
As the sweet rose to other eyes might be,
Because its leaves spread in my native air,
And the same land gave birth to it and me.

They were as plentiful as drops of dew
 In our green meadows sprinkled everywhere ;
 Heedless I wandered o'er them, life was new,
 Now as a friend I greet thee shamrock fair.

Because I dwelt with my own people then,
 Erin's bright eyes, and kindly hearts and true ;
 That from my cradle loved me, and again
 We'll never meet—spoken our last adieu.

I am a stranger here, I have not seen
 One friendly face of all that I have known ;
 And my heart mourns for thee my island green,
 Because I am a stranger and alone.

So thou art welcome as a friend to me ;
 Tell me where lay the sod that brought thee forth ;
 Idly I wonder as I look at thee
 If thou hast come, as I did, from the North ?

From the green glens that lie beside the sea !
 From cloud-capt Sleive mis of the shamrock vest ?
 From near old castles, where the dread banshee
 Waits for the native lords when laid to rest ?

Or did the tartaned stranger call thee where
 Mount Cashel's Lord rules o'er a fair domain ?
 Or grass grown ruin all that's left to bear
 Of a lost race the all but fading name ?

The lovely Maine lingers in flowing through
 The peaceful place that was my childhood's home ;
 Myriads of shamrocks on its margin grew,
 Was it from these thy sisters thou hast come ?

Such fair broad meadows by Maine water lay,
 Erin her mantle green for carpet spread ;

In merry childhood there we met to play,
Dashing the dew from many a shamrock's head.

Where sleep the village dead there is a spot
That's dearer far than all the rest to me ;
It's interwoven with full many a thought,
And with my young heart's childish history.

She was most fair that sleeps that sod beneath ;
The fair form shrined a soul akin to mine,
And the sharp pain of heart ties cut by death,
Has softened been but left unhealed by time.

And Erin spread her skirt across her grave,
And there were shamrocks nestling on the breast,
And blue bells and all flowers that softly wave,
Making more beautiful her place of rest.

If 'twas from there the stranger gathered thee
I would forgive the sacrilege, and thou
A precious relic to my breast would be,
Nor prized the less because thou'rt withered now.

Ah me ! I know thou canst not answer me,
Yet sight of thee must all these thoughts awake ;
Enough, from mine own land thou comest, thou'lt be
Welcome to Erin's child alone for Erin's sake.

LAMENTATION.

(WALTER AND FREDDIE.)

FROM morn to eve, from evening unto morning,
I mourn and cannot rest ;
So mourns the mother bird when home returning
She finds an empty nest.

I mourn the little children of my dwelling,
That are forever gone ;
Sorrows that mothers feel my heart is swelling,
And so I make my moan.

One little blossom on my bosom faded,
And passed from me away ;
But near my door the drooping willows shaded
My little boys at play.

My boys that came with flying feet to meet me,
And questions wondrous wise ;
And bits of news which they had brought to greet me,
And see my glad surprise.

Bitter for sweet no human hand can alter,
Nor bid one sorrow pass ;
With sudden stroke our darling little Walter
Was laid beneath the grass.

Ah then it was to me an added sorrow,
To hear his brother moan,
Where's little Walter, will he come to-morrow,
I cannot play alone ?

The summons for the child had come already,
Which said I must resign
The best beloved, the precious little Freddie,
To other arms than mine.

How still and lone are the familiar places,
Where little pattering feet
Made music for me, and I saw bright faces
Dimple with laughter sweet.

My arms are empty that would fain be folding
My lost ones to my breast ;

But well I know, the Father's face beholding,
They are forever blest.

From Christ's dear words my bleeding heart would gather
At length submissive grace,—
He says that in the kingdom of His Father,
They still behold His face.

In the bright garden of the Lord they're staying,
Amid the angels fair;
And heavenly whispers to my heart are saying—
Look up, your treasure's there.

THE SONG OF THE BEREAVED.

I have borrowed thy pattern, dear Hood, to cut out our mourning garments.

WITH garments for sorrow torn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat by a new-made grave,
Bewailing her slaughtered dead—
Weep! weep! weep!
Tears of remorseful pain;
The sorrow that sorrows without a hope,
Is poured forth above the slain.

Drink! drink! drink!
It slayeth on every side,
Till the blue-eyed baby is fatherless,
And a desolate widow the bride.
O for a gleam of light
On the home, on the friendly hand,
That pours in kindness the burning draught
That maketh a desolate land.

Drink ! drink ! drink !

The horse-leech ever craves ;
There are empty chairs in the desolate home,
And the earth swells with new-made graves.
Cellar, saloon, and bar,
Bar, cellar, saloon,
And a wasted life, and a hopeless death,
Is the tempted victim's doom.

O men with the friendly treat !

O women with New Year's wine !
It is not liquor you're pouring out,
But your children's blood and mine.

Drink ! drink ! drink !

In joyous youthful prime ;
Drink that marks out the downward road
To want and disease and crime.

Drink in the lordly hall ;

Pour out the blood-red wine,—
And grey hairs sorrow over the grave,
That is dug before its time.

Drink for the darling son,

Till the softened brain goes mad,
And darkness falls on the father's life
Which is bound in the life of the lad.

Every unwilling slave

Standeth on freedom's brink ;
But what will free the body and soul
That is enslaved by drink ?

Bar, cellar, saloon,

Cellar, saloon, and bar,
Alas, that the demon of drink slays more
By far than the demon of war.

Drink ! drink ! drink !

Till manhood and pride are gone ;

Drink over the grave of self-respect,
And then in despair drink on.
Drink ! drink ! drink !
Drink at the fearful cost
Of knowing that though cursed with life,
Yet hope is forever lost.

Our brightest go down to death,
We cannot our dearest save ;
And we dare not think of the judgment seat
That lieth beyond the grave.
Drink ! drink ! drink !
So many are licensed to sell,
Drink ; you will surely find the house,
Whose guests find the way to hell.

Oh for the plighted band
Of those who are bound to save
Their fellow men from the fearful doom
That extends beyond the grave !
Alas ! they are trying hard
To do, what they cannot do,
To wage a war to the uttermost,
And only hurt a few.

Bar, cellar, saloon,
Cellar, saloon and bar
Are swiftly, surely, doing their work
As those who in earnest are ;
And the moderate drinker stands,
Kind, at the head of the way,
And opens the gate, with friendly hands,
Of the road that leads astray.

Of the road that leads astray,
And never will stop to think
That the shroud is sewed, and the grave is dug,
For the lost by moderate drink ;

And the banded are loath to strike ;
They have friends on the other side,
And therefore " Hell hath enlarged herself "
And opened her mouth so wide.

The strong and the brave are lost ;
Do we keep the tender and fair ?
Does the demon who strikes down fathers and sons,
All the daughters and sisters spare ?
Bar, cellar saloon
Cellar, saloon and bar ;—
Oh ! who will preach a new crusade,
Or join in this holy war ?

With garments for sorrow torn,—
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat by a new made grave,
Bewailing over the dead.
Weep ! weep ! weep !
How many will weep in vain ?
How many will rise in a holy cause,
That the slayer may be slain ?

COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

(NOEL.)

By the sad fellowship of human suffering,
By the bereavements that are thine and mine,
I venture—oh, forgive me !—with this offering,
I would it were to thee God's oil and wine.

I too have suffered—is it then surprising
If to thy sacred grief I enter in ?

My spirit draws near thine all sympathising,
Sorrow, like love, "makes aliens near of kin."

Thou'rt weeping for thy gathered blossoms, mother,
The Lord had need of him, and called him soon,
In morning freshness ere the dews of heaven
Were chased before the burning rays of noon.

Thy darling child, like to God's summer blossom,
Was very fair and pleasant to the sight,
The sunny head that rested on thy bosom,
The loving eyes that were thy heart's delight,

Made passers by look on him with a blessing,
Saying, "His mother is not all alone ;
Her widowed sorrow, in that sweet caressing,
Will find some comfort for the lost and gone."

I miss him from the doorway, blythely playing,
Where he has turned on me his winsome face ;
O lovely child ! I said, "by lone hearth staying,
Thou'lt make the widow's home a pleasant place."

The little one, thy comfort in affliction,
With the sweet face earnest and innocent ;
That was to thee like Heaven's benediction,
Such children for a little while are lent.

Pilgrims and strangers are we in our praying,
But birds of passage to a brighter shore ;
Yet build our nests as if for ever staying,
We and our treasures, here for evermore.

But when our nestlings by the Master taken
Up in God's Paradise to safely sing ;
And by the empty nest we wail forsaken,
In the great loneliness of suffering.

We lift our tearful eyes in sorrow's blindness,
And cry to him for very helplessness ;
Then He reveals to us His loving kindness,
Even in bereavements 'tis His will to bless.

He says " Look up," that we may cease our crying,
Seeing our treasures in glad safety there,
And there our hearts will be—for upward flying,
In longing love, they cast off earthly care.

Thy home is silent, all the rippling laughter,
The sound of racing feet at play, is fled ;
But he, thy darling, led up by the Master,
Is with the living—not among the dead.

Thy little one's within the jasper portals,
There by the crystal sea he learns to sing
The new song only known to the immortals,
Promoted to the presence of the King.

The child is safe within the Father's mansion,
Safe on the hills of God in light to range ;
And heart ties stretched unto their utmost tension,
Will, by God's touch, to golden harp-strings change.

On which the Master will soft music render,
Soothing with heaven's airs thy pathway dim,
On which love's messages all sweet and tender,
Shall run between thee and thy angel kin.

And they will draw thee upward growing stronger,
When flesh and heart will one day faint and fail,
And thou wilt care for earthly things no longer,
For all thy treasures are within the veil.

MAJORITY.

So friend of mine 'tis thy birthday morn,
And friends with fair gifts around thee come,
Outside the circle I stand forlorn,
My hands are empty my lips are dumb.

O Thou who seest in secret still,
Who reads the heart when no word is said,
The wishes that rise in prayer fulfil
In royal blessings to crown his head.

Entering the portals of manhood now,
The boy we loved from our knowledge slips,
With fresh consecration seal his brow,
With thy altar fire retouch his lips.

He girds himself for the strife anew,
And love foresees what the dangers are ;
But thou, O Captain, art tried and true,
'Tis at thy charge he goes forth to war !

My empty hands to thy throne I lift,
While parting sorrow my spirit swells,
Lord, thou wilt give him a birthday gift
Out of the place where Thy fulness dwells.

He's called and chosen to dare and do,
To uphold Thy banner on battle field ;
Be Thou to him strength and wisdom too,
In the day of strife, his sword and shield.

More than I ask Thou wilt give, O King !
What is my friendship or care to Thine !
To the banquet house Thy hand will bring
And refresh his lips with the kingdom's wine.

MY OWN GREEN LAND.

It was in the early morning
Of life, and of hope to me,
I sat on a grassy hillside
Of the Isle beyond the sea ;
Erin's skies of changeful beauty
Were bending over me.

The landscape, emerald tinted,
Lying smiling in the sun,
The grass with daisies sprinkled,
And with shamrocks over-run ;
The Maine water flashed and dimpled,
Still flowing softly on.

The lark in the blue above me,
A tiny speck in the sky,
Rained down from its bosom's fulness
A shower of melody ;
Dropping through the golden sunlight,
And sweetly rippling by.

Afar in the sunny distance,
O'er the river's further brim,
Like a stern old Norman warder,
Stood the castle tall and grim ;
And, nearer a grassy ruin,
Where an old name grew dim.

I knew that the balmy gladness
Was brooding from sea to sea ;
But I felt a note of sadness
That sobered my youthful glee ;
The love of my mother Erin
Stirred all my heart in me.

Oh Erin ! my mother Erin,
Thou land of the tearful smile,
Hearts that feel, and hands of helping
Are thy children's blessed Isle !
The stranger is so no longer
That rests on thy breasts awhile.

Be he Saxon, Dane or Norman,
That steps on thy kindly shore,
Who sets his foot on thy daisies
Is kinder for evermore ;
For thy *cead mille failtha*
Thrills warm to his bosom's care.

But Erin, never contented
Struggles again and again,
As all proud and free born captives
Must strive with the conqueror's chain,
That, if ever snapped asunder,
Is riveted firm again.

The words of an Hebrew exile,
Like to some sweet song's refrain,
That sweetly goeth and cometh
And echoes through heart and brain ;
" Be sure that the day is coming
" When Erin shall rise again.

" She only of all the nations,
" Since in dust our temple lies,
" Has not our blood on our garments
" Has brought no tears to our eyes ;
" He says, they prosper who love us
" Thy Erin at last shall rise."

I waited, watched for the blessing
Promised, oh ! so long ago,

I looked for the brilliant future
 The end of the long drawn woe,
 My hopes, with my years, Time the reaper,
 Hath laughingly laid them low.

Oh Erin ! my mother Erin !
 Will " to be " repeat what has been ?
 Will your sons ever " shoulder to shoulder "
 Be strong and united seen ?
 Will ever the foreign lilies
 Blend with the nation's green ?

For in other lands the peoples,
 Quite forgetting ancient wrong,
 Have blended and fused, becoming
 Because of their union strong,
 Leaving all old feuds and battles,
 As themes for romance and song.

From party's Promethean vulture,
 When wilt thou get release ?
 When will the strife of races,
 The strife of religions cease ?
 And the hearts of thy loving children
 Mingle and be at peace ?

BEREAVEMENT.

(Job iii. 26.)

It was not that I lived a life of ease,
 Quiet, secure, apart from every care ;
 For on the darkest of my anxious days
 I thought my burden more than I could bear.

The shadow of a coming trouble fell
Across my pathway, drawing very near ;
I walked within it awestruck, felt the spell
Trembled, not knowing what I had to fear.
The hand that held events I might not stay,
But creeping to His footstool I could pray.

With sad forebodings I kept watch and ward
Against the dreaded evil that must come ;
Of small avail, door locked or window barred,
To keep the pestilence from hearth and home.
The dreadful pestilence that walks by night,
Stepping o'er barriers, an unwelcome guest,
Came, and with scorching touch to sear and blight,
Drew my fair child into her loathsome breast ;
Nothing had ever parted us till then,
O child ! when shall I hold thee once again ?

As if the plague's red cross upon my door,
With " Lord have mercy !" scared the passers by,
So friends of mine that I had had before,
Fled from the face of my calamity.
Shut in, and yet shut out, my days went on,
Shut in with woe, shut out from human kind
Within my boundaries, watching sad and lone,
Hope with despair kept struggling in my mind.
It is not always human hearts can say
To Him who smites, " I trust Thee though Thou slay."

They're taught of God who say " Thy will be done,"
When in the presence of the thing they fear,
Both flesh and spirit fail when hope is gone,
And what we dread the most is drawing near ;
I said, " an end comes to the darkest day,
And the bright sunshine follows after rain,
This fearful pestilence will pass away,
And I can comfort those she holds in pain ;

I'll take them to my heart, nor will I care,
That her touch marred the faces I thought fair."

I clung to hope, I would not let it go—

And praying thoughts went up with every breath,
For when the sickness came I did not know

That with her came the angel they call Death.
My child will be restored to me I said,

Death took her hand—and almost unawares,
She slipped away from me and joined the dead.

Back on my heart fell my unanswered prayers ;
Stunned I took up my child that was so sweet,
And wrapped her poor form in the winding-sheet.

All desolate I bore her to her bier,

With unaccustomed hands I laid her down ;
With grief too hard and deep to shed a tear,

We stood beneath the heaven's gathering frown ;
And then the storm burst on us in its might,

The loosened winds rushed round to moan and rave ;
'Twas fittest so—they bore her from my sight,

Through the wild rain and laid her in her grave ;
Then conscious only of a dreadful loss,
I sat with sorrow underneath my cross.

The little ones whose mother's with the dead

Came with their many wants around my knee
And added, needless burden some one said,

But ah ! they were God's messengers to me ;
For here were duties that my hands must do,

Although my wound might inly bleed and smart ;
And so there came some solace to me through

The helpless hands that touched my aching heart.
Ah ! little children bringing everywhere

God's blessed comfort mingled in with care.

And so I do my task, my daily task,

Working the work that's given me to do,

Getting the daily strength for which I ask,
The needed courage still to help me through ;
And my great sorrow passes out of sight,
I have not time to sit and make my moan ;
But in the solemn stillness of the night,
My woe comes back to me with heavy groan.
And yet our Father weaves His golden thread
Into the warp of duty's homespun web.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THOU art, and, therefore, Thou art near, oh God !
Thick darkness covers me, I cannot see ;
Is this the Shepherd's crook, or the correcting rod,
And by Thy hand, O Father, laid on me ?

I cry to Thee, and shall I cry in vain ?
My soul looks up as if through prison bars,
Up through the silent Heaven, ah, turn again
Thy face to me, hide not behind the stars.

Thy presence hath been with me in the past,
Where "heaps of witness " mark out all the way ;
Thy years change not, Thy love is still as vast,
I look to Thee, I trust Thee though Thou slay.

My friends walk on the hills the sun hath kissed,
Flowers at their feet, their sky is blue and fair ;
I'm prisoned in this vale of tearful mist,
Shut in with sorrow, darkened by despair.

I, too, once walked with footsteps glad and free,
Light round my head, and in my mouth a song ;
Manna fell round my dwelling-place for me,
For me the living waters flowed along.

Thy hand had set my feet upon a rock,
That Rock stands fast, why then this loss and harm ?
I cannot find the footsteps of the flock,
I cannot feel the Well-Beloved's arm.

They hold me in derision, for they say,
Where is the God in whom you seemed to trust !
Righteous art Thou O Lord ! and if I may
But find Thee I will lay me in the dust.

Saying, awake, arise my God, to me
Turn in Thy love the mercy of Thy face ;
Then shall the day break, and the shadows flee,
And I will sing of Thy sufficient grace.

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

A PRIZE POEM.

I KNOW Canada is fair to see, and pleasant ; it is well
On the banks of its broad river 'neath the maple trees to
dwell ;
But the heart is very wilful, and in sorrow or in mirth,
Mine will turn with sore love-longing to the land that
gave me birth ;
And I wish that, oh but once again ! my longing eyes
might see
The green island that lies smiling on the bosom of the sea ;
That is fed with heaven's dew and the fatness of the earth,
Fanned by wild Atlantic breezes that sweep over it in
mirth.

Its green robe is starred with daisies ; it is brilliant fresh
and fair,
With a verdure that no other spot of earth affords to wear.

It has banks of pale primroses that like bits of moonlight
glow ;

There are hawthorn hedges blossomed out like drifts of
perfumed snow,

Bluebells swinging on their slender stems and cowslips on
the lea.

I was better for the lessons they in childhood taught to
me,

And still sweet is every memory, and blessed each regret
That twines round that dear island home, which our hearts
cannot forget.

From where Antrim's giant columns at the north are piled
on high,

The sentinels of centuries tow'ring up against the sky,
From mountain top and purple heath, from valleys fair to
see,

Where streams of flashing crystal bright are flowing mer-
rily,

To Kerry's lakes of loveliness that dimple in the sun.

'Tis fair as any spot of earth that heaven's light shines
upon.

O Erin, my mother Erin, dear land more kind than wise,
I think of thee till loving tears come thronging to my eyes.

Thou hast nourished on thy bosom many sons of death-
less fame ;

Who, while the world will last, shall shed a lustre on thy
name.

While Foyle's proud swelling waters roll past Derry to
the sea ;

While yet a single vestige of old Limerick's walls there
be ;

Shall those who love thee well, fair land, lament that feuds
divide

The sons of those who for each cause stood fast on either
side.

From every ruined castle grey, well may the banshee cry
O'er bitter waters once let loose that have not yet run dry.

O would the blessed time might come when, party feeling
done,

The noble deeds of both sides will be gathered into one !
On the battle-fields of Europe thy sons quit themselves
like men,

Till those who made them exiles longed for their good
swords again ;

Wherever fields were fought and won, in thickest of the
fray,

Where steel bit steel, thy sons have fought and laurels
bore away.

And thou hast bards in deathless song thy heroes' praise
to sing,

Or make hearts throb responsive when for love they touch
the string.

Thou hast lovely, white-armed daughters so tender and
so true ;

As modest as the daisies, and as spotless as the dew ;

With flashes of sweet merriment, and virtue still and
strong,

They fire the patriot's heart and charm the poet into song.

Thou hast nourished those right eloquent to plead with
tongue and pen,

For those eternal rights which men so oft deny to men,

And, land of saints, in song like mine, but little can be said

Of those who stand for God between the living and the
dead.

Thou'rt not without His witnesses for children of thy sod,

In lofty and in lowly life, are found who walk with God.

Land of the hearty welcome ! who travels thy valleys o'er

Knows more of human kindness than he ever knew be-
fore.

While some are kind to friends alone, thy sons whate'er
 befall
 More like the blessed sun and rain have kindness for all.
 O Erin, my mother Erin! much my love would say of
 thee,
 Were my lips but half so eloquent as my heart would
 have them be.

As Moses longed for Lebanon, so I long that once again
 My feet might press the shamrocks in the meadows by
 the Maine.

Oh to see the wee brown larks again, once more to hear
 them sing,
 As up to heaven's blessed gates they soar on tireless wing!
 I'd watch them till I'd half forget the burden of my years,
 And tender thoughts of childhood would well up in happy
 tears.

I may never see thee more, *mo run*, but with each breath
 I draw
 Thou art still to me *mavourneen*, so *an slainte leat gu*
bragh.

WRITTEN FOR THE O'CONNEL CENTENARY.

Sons of the bright, green island,
 Gathered by the pine-fringed lake,
 In honour of his memory,
 Who battled for your sake,
 Listen, we too pay our tribute
 To a fame that well endures;
 He, who ventured much for liberty,
 Is ours as well as yours.

Men fought in vain for freedom,
 And lay down in felon graves;

“ Your noblest then were exiles,
 Your proudest then were slaves.”
 When the people, blind and furious,
 Maddened by oppression's scorn,
 Struggled, seethed in wild upheaval,
 Was the Liberator born.

Who took the sword fell by the sword ;
 This man was born to show,
 How thoughts would win where steel had failed
 One hundred years ago.
 By force the patriot tried in vain
 To stem oppression's might ;
 This man arose and won the cause,
 By pleading for the right.

He stood to plead for liberty
 On Dunedin's Calton-hill ;
 No man had ever greater power
 To move men's hearts at will.
 Erin, without name, senate, flag,
 This, her advocate and son,
 Pleased for those who tried and lost,
 With those who tried and won.

He stood to ask for justice,
 For ruth and mercy's grace,
 For a people of another faith,
 And of another race.
 He stood on ground made holy
 By resistance unto wrong ;
 And Scotia's freemen gathered round,
 Full twenty thousand strong.

And rock and distant city,
 The broad Forth gliding clear,

Yea, every heath-clad hill-top
 Had hushed itself to hear ;
 From the shades of hero martyrs
 Of patriotic fame,
 From the land they thought worth fighting for,
 High inspiration came.

He won the cause he strove for,
 With bold, undaunted brow ;
 And his name and fame roll brightening on
 Along the years till now ;
 All honour to his memory ;
 May his words, where'er they fall,
 Bring forth the love of liberty,
 And equal rights to all.

WE LAMENT NOT FOR ONE BUT MANY.

“ At last he is dead ! ”
 So the wondering, horror-struck neighbours said ;
 A skilful touch of his knife
 Has cut the thread of a wasted life.
 He has reached the end of the downward road,
 And rushed unbidden to meet his God ;
 Over every duty, past every tie,
 Unwarned, unhindered, he rushed along,
 Through the wild license of sin and wrong,
 And into the silent eternity.

Relax thy anguished watch, O wife !
 And fold thy hands—and yet—and yet,
 After all the tears which thou hast wept,
 Through nights when happier mortals slept,
 Thou only wilt weep with fond regret,

Over the corpse of the hopeless dead.
 For the cause, accursed, of drink he has bled ;
 For that cause he lived, and suffered and died
 Many deaths in one horrible life,—
 The death of his honour, the death of his pride ;
 On that altar he sacrificed child and wife,
 Hope, liberty, purity, more than life.
 Life's life, God's image, he crushed and killed,
 Tore and defaced, wasted and spoiled,
 Uncurbed in passion, iron willed ;
 For *this* long years he has laboured and toiled,
 Devoted his talents, his time, his breath,
 And at the last his blood he has shed ;
 Truly the wages of sin is death.

He was once a babe on a mother's breast,
 Tenderly nourished, cared for, caressed,
 Watched with a mother's love and pride,
 Dreams of the future warm and bright,
 High hopes, ambitions in rainbow light.
 Clustered around him a fairy swarm
 Of tender fancies sweet and warm ;
 As she hung over his cradle bed,
 "In all this world there's none so bright,
 So clever as mother's heart's delight,
 My child of promise," she proudly said.

Oh would to God that he then had died !
 Died when the anguish of heartstrings torn,
 The sudden stilling of childish laughter,
 The awful vacance that fills the place
 Of the soft, warm touch, of the dear, dear face,
 Of the sweet dead child that the heart gropes after ;
 For God's own voice to the mourner saith,
 "Be still, I am God, there is hope in his death."

Alas ! for the woe that under the sun
 Can find no comfort ! this child lived on.

What must be his mother's sorrow and sin,
If she held the glass to his infant lips,
Taught him the taste of sweetened gin,
As a cure for every childish pain,
To be tried and tampered with once and again !
If she taught him to worship at fashion's shrine,
In its magic circle to look on wine,
To pour it sparkling in ruby light ;
The adder's sting, the serpent's bite,
Came to him at last among evil men ;
 But he once was a boy,
 A mother's joy,
Clever and gifted with tongue and pen ;
 The cup of temptation
 Was inspiration ;
Oh would to God he had died even then !
 The mother's tears shed over the slain,
 Had then had hope in their bitter pain.

O mothers, stronger than life is love !
And your love is most like to God's above ;
And power likest God's to you is given,
With the greatest trust that is under heaven.
 He gives to your hands, to have and to hold,
 More precious than rubies, better than gold ;
God's little children to teach and to train,
And to lead them upward to Him again.
God keep you and save you from earning the curse
That shadows the life with hopeless remorse.
He once was a lover, an innocent maid
Into his keeping gave up her life ;
Into his hand her own she laid,
 For better, for worse,
 As a blessing, a curse ;
Took on her the sacred name of wife ;
And stood at her post through all these years
Of sorrow and sin, of anguish and tears.

There have been martyrs for God and right,
Passed through blood and fire into endless light.
Count all the martyrs to right that died
Since Abel's blood to Jehovah cried.
There are but few in that shining throng,
Compared to the martyrs of sin and wrong.
Count not that woman's life by years,
Count by the dropping of heart-wrung tears.
To the common lot of toil and care,
That dims the eye and the heart-strings wring,
He added, of woe that none could share,
Whole ages of sorrow and suffering.

She bore her torture for duty's sake,
Firm as saint in the tower and at the stake ;
Bore want and woe, and his evil name,
For him who for years was dead to shame.
She saw his brood about her knee.
Into an evil lot they were born
To bear for his sin the cruel scorn
Of the world unthinking, hard and cold.
Prematurely saddened, early old,
They never knew home as a place of rest,
Except when their home was the mother's breast ;
And worse than all she had to see
Them taught the secrets of sin and woe,
Which happier children never know.
Alas ! that such a thing should be.
Her darlings were made to pass through the fire
To the Moloch of vice and sinful desire ;
The father's example of life and tongue
Brought the knowledge of evil to them while young ;
And in sorrow and shame,
That none may name,
In strife and sin all tempest-tost,
The innocence God gives to babes was lost.

All is over, nought's left but dishonoured clay,
But the evil men do lives longer than they.
Of a truth the saddest for tongue or pen
Are these words o'er a ruin—"He might have been,
And sadder the words in jest set free
"This is ; but alas ! it should not be."
He has passed into darkness who lived in vain ;
But what shall their future portion be,
Who, passing by on the other side,
Themselves from the curse secure and free,
No plan of relief or rescue tried ?
Or worse, made profit out of his pain,
And lured him on to his death for gain !

LINES FOR THE BRIDAL.

THEY will place a bridal wreath, maiden,
To crown all your shining hair ;
The mist-like cloud of the bridal veil .
Will float round a face most fair.

They will dress you in bridal robes, maiden,
And the holy words be said,
And the ring put on and two made one,
And the maiden we love be wed.

You'll give him your virgin hand, maiden,
And become a wedded wife ;
That hand will mingle "honey for two"
To sweeten the bitter of life.

They will give you costly gifts, maiden,
And many a wish beside

Will rise in prayer, in blessings come down,
On thy head, O fair young bride.

And kind will thy bridegroom be, maiden ;
True and tender as years roll on ;
Who learns to love in the school of Christ
Will cherish what he has won.

And so what can I say more, maiden,
Wooed and won, and to be wed ;
Pray that His blessing who loved till death
May rest on your fair young head.

In the hollow of His hand, maiden,
He will keep you who fainteth not ;
He will cause the splendour of His face
To shine on your happy lot.

WELCOME HOME.

You are coming home with the breath of spring,
Flying home to a love-lined nest ;
Most loving care hath made it fair,
Your hands will do the rest.

And the bridal robe you have laid aside,
And the vail all of lacy foam ;
The maiden's wed, the tour is sped,
So welcome, welcome home !

The past is laid by with the bridal wreath,
The bride has come home a wife ;
And now we pray that blessings may
Crown all your wedded life.

What shall be the blessing, my dearest dear,
When it's all that we have to give ?
That peace and love, from God above,
Be yours while ye both shall live.

That high love that makes of the wife a queen,
Of a cottage a palace home,
The coarse web fine, life's water wine,
The fire-side chair a throne.

Love that drops like dew from heaven to fill
With all blessing your earthly cup ;
That draws you nigh to Him Most High,
Bidding your souls look up

Unto Him who has ordered all your lot,
To the Hand that will give the best,
That bids you come up to His home
To be His wedding guest.

BAPTISM IN LAKE ALLUMETTE.

OH Allumette, hemmed with thy fringe of pine,
Watched over by thy mountains far away,
Thy waters have been troubled oftentime,
Never before as they have been to day !

The red man on the war path, with light stroke,
Hath cleaved thy waters moving stealthily ;
Hunter and hunted deer thy surface broke
With splash and struggle of the living prey.

Across thy bosom venturous Champlain
And faithful Brule have pursued their way ;

Seeking for distant golden Ind in vain,
Finding Coulonge while searching for Cathay.

The knights of industry, the sons of toil,
Trouble thy waters in the eager strife
To win success and wealth, the glittering spoil
For which men daily peril more than life.

'Twas a new motive from their homes to day,
That drew an eager wondering people out ;
Like those who from Mount Zion took their way,
From Judah and the regions round about.

It might have been the Jordan flowed along,
Or that sweet stream where people met for prayer ;
Still expectation held the gathering throng
By the lake shore, in the hushed Sabbath air.

And earnest, fervent pleading prayer was made,
Rose the sweet strains of the old Scottish psalm,
And words of witness for God's truth were said ;
The only sound that broke the sacred calm.

Then down into the waters of the lake,
The preacher and believer slowly came ;
Not heeding scornful words for His dear sake ;
Who bore the cross for us despised the shame.

Buried with Him by baptism to death,
Following the path which He the Saviour trod,
To rise with Him to that new life He saith
He hath laid up for us with Christ in God.

GOOD-BYE.

(To Miss E. E.)

I CANNOT write, my tears are flowing fast,
Yet weeping is unnatural to me ;
Oh ! that this hour of bitterness was past—
The parting hour with all I love and thee.

If I had never met or loved thee so,
To part would not have caused me this sharp pain;
Parting so oft occurring here below,
And they who part so seldom meet again.

Yet over land or sea, where'er I go,
My home, my friends, shall flit before my eyes—
And oft I anxiously shall wish to know,
If in thy bosom thoughts of me arise.

Oh, I will think of bygone days of glee,
Though on each point of bitter sorrow driven ;
I will not bid thee to remember me,
But oh ! see to it that we meet in Heaven.

1844.

WEEP WITH THOSE WHO WEEP.

(MARY MAUD.)

O FRIENDS, I cannot comfort, but will share with you your
grieving,
In the valley of the shadow where you sit in helpless
tears ;

Greater is the parting anguish, than the joy of first receiving

The sweet gift that was your treasure through five happy, golden years.

When I laid within your arms the dear babe that God had given,

There was hidden in the future all the tears that you must weep ;

Ah ! the little ones, so tangled in our heart-strings, they are riven

In the parting, are but treasures lent not given us to keep.

There's silence in the places her voice filled with happy laughter,

Stillness waiting for the echo of the patter of her feet ;

You are gazing on her picture, and your heart is longing after

The tender touch of the little hands, the mouth that was most sweet.

In the valley of the shadow, where by God's will you are sitting,

Earthly sounds shut out and stilled, yea, and heaven so very near,

That the little golden head, through the open doorway fitting,

Might come smiling any moment and be greeted without fear.

With earthly toil and serving we will not get encumbered,
Our hearts rise to our treasures that are laid up with the King ;

There your little maiden, Maud, with His jewels fair are numbered ;

There she learns the songs of gladness that the heavenly children sing.

Among those pure and precious who have known no
earthly sinning,

The Beloved's fair white lilies in the Paradise of God,
Those He looked upon and loved, when their lives were
but beginning,

And brought home before their tender feet grew weary
of the road.

There clothed on with his beauty, round the child all bliss
will gather,

All the brightness of the Father's face when looking on
His own ;

For the little children's angels see the bright face of the
Father,

And gather on the rainbow steps that are around the
throne.

For evermore in safety, by the Lamb led to the valleys,
Where the light of God is brooding, and life's storms
are ever furled ;

No more watching, no more praying, no more guarding
from the malice

Of all evil, lest her garments should be spotted by the
world.

Heaven draws nearer in our sorrow, and the earth-born
cares keep silence,

And the still, small voice says kindly, "Though the child
may come no more,

Time is passing, and the moment approaches from the
distance,

When the message to come after will appear within the
door."

Oh, well it is for baby, safe, and past all toil and grieving,
The dear head is laid so early on a loving Saviour's
breast ;

Be not faithless, oh my friends, but submissive and be
lieving,
The Hand that makes no blunders hath laid the babe
at rest.

TO ELIZABETH RAY.

FIRST of women, best of friends,
Take what a village rhymers sends ;
A tear wet trifle sent to tell
The giver must bid thee farewell !
And shall I then when o'er the sea
Forget thee ? No, it cannot be,
When thinking of much loved Grace Hill,
* " Its drops of joy, its drafts of ill,"
I shed the fond regretting tear,
For those I did, I do hold dear ;
First shall 'mid those I parted with
Stand Friendship's Ray Elizabeth.

1844.

* Burns.

FAREWELL TO LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN.

In leaving us, whom thou hast governed well,
Holding the helm of state through all these years,
The land at large unites in a farewell
That's mingled with regret akin to tears.

My Lord, we welcomed you in coming here,
As one our gracious Queen thought fit to send ;
Your term of office hath so made you dear
We say farewell to you as friend to friend.

It is not homage paid to honours worn
Lightly, as that which comes to one unsought ;
Nor to thy high desent, oh nobly born !
Nor to the aristocracy of thought.

And yet we do not undervalue here
Honours the nobles of our land enjoy ;
We hold in high esteem the British Peer,
Warm to the ancient name of Clandeboye.

Warmly we feel to one who is akin
To that most marvellous genius Sheridan ;
But warmer still the tribute that you win,
Paid, not to Lord, or Viceroy, to the man,

Who of no party, yet both far and near,
In distant wilderness and crowded mart,
With words that rouse and stimulate and cheer,
Has drawn the whole Dominion to your heart.

From Essex, by thy waters, sweet St. Clair,
To Gaspe, sentry on a stormy coast ;
From Prima Vista to Vancouver, where
Will your departure be regretted most ?

No Viceroy of this land has ever left
Such large regrets, as you my Lord, will do ;
For admiration, confidence, respect
Are felt for you the wide Dominion through.

The miner at his work, the axeman where
He hews out fortune with enduring toil ;
The farmer with his plenty and to spare,
For laughing harvests crown our fruitful soil.

The fisher on our coast, the pioneer
Who strives the distant wilderness to tame ;

The Indian hunter, wild unknown to fear,
On his swift horse swooping upon his game.

From settlers fanned by keen Atlantic air,
To those the broad Pacific's breezes cool,
To forest shade and prairie verdure, where
Sit Indian maidens in the mission school.

Never did Governor before receive
Such loyal homage as your heart has won ;
Nor left so fair a record as you leave,
Or stood so near to us as you have done.

You have the kindly sympathetic heart
Of her who loved the common people well ;
The noble lady who with witching art
Taught us to sing the " Emigrant's Farewell."

And the dear lady who has reigned your queen
Over the gaities of Rideau Hall,
Her genial, gracious courtesies have been,
A talisman to win the hearts of all.

Oh, Earl, and Countess, if good wishes may
Add anything to your most brilliant state,
The wide Dominion with one heart will pray.
You may be blessed of God as well as great.

A WELCOME.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

GATHER, oh gather ! gather, oh gather !
On with the philabeg every man
And up with the bonnet and badge of your father,
Belt on the plaid of the great Campbell clan

From the heather clad hills of that island
 In whose straths and glens your fathers were born
 They come, and so gather, ye hearts that are Highland,
 Welcome the Lord and the Lady of Lorne !
 Gather, oh gather, &c.

Ocean to ocean the welcome is ringing,
 Fair Indian summer, with blush and with smile,
 O'er forests her right royal vesture is flinging
 To welcome the bride and heir of Argyle.
 Princess of Lorne, we rise to receive her,
 First royal lady our country has seen,
 To this, the wide land of the maple and beaver,
 We welcome thee Princess, child of our Queen.
 Gather, oh gather, &c.

We had regret we sought not to smother—
 Kind Earl, dear Countess were called to depart ;
 But thoughtfully, kindly, the fair Queen our mother,
 Sends the son of her choice, the child of her heart.
 There is a stir, a bustle, a humming,
 The tartans are waving, plumes floating free,
 While trumpet and drum sound, " The Campbells are
 coming "
 We are all Campbells in welcoming thee.
 Gather, oh gather, &c.

Son of Argyle, so near to the sceptre,
 And Princess Louise fair child of a throne,
 We welcome to stand for our Queen in this empire,
 Rule us, and love us, and make us your own.
 Blow, wild pibroch, that welcomes no other !
 Shout million-voiced *failte*, wave banners the while !
 She's worthy, fair child of so royal a mother,
 He's worthy the name and fame of Argyle.
 Gather, oh gather, &c.

DEATH OF NORMAN DEWAR.

(Mr. Norman Dewar, commission merchant, a native of Glengarry, Canada, who had been assisting Captain McCabe as commissary of the Memphis Relief Committee, died of yellow fever after three days' illness. A brave and gentle nature, he was loved by a host of friends, and will long be remembered as among the noblest of the band of gallant men who during this fearful epidemic died at the post of duty.)

FAR away from stricken Memphis
Came the tidings sad and sure,
That among the many fallen,
Fell the clansman Norman Dewar.

There are eyes unused to weeping,
With the tears of sorrow dim;
Hearts with nature's anguish heaving,
Yet 'tis wrong to weep for him.

None who fell in glorious battle,
In the shock of meeting steel,
Fell more bravely, died more nobly
More like son of true Lochiel.

When the cry arose in Memphis
That the yellow death had come;
When the rich in fear were fleeing,
And the poor with terror dumb;

Famine following the fever,
Want of all things awful death;
When forsaken by their kindred,
Human souls gave up their breath;

There were men who felt God's pity,
Strong to do and to endure,
And among these brave and noble,
At his post stood Norman Dewar.

Firm and gentle, true and tender,
Knowing all the danger well,
This true son of old Glengarry
Stood on duty till he fell.

Highland hearts have breasted battle ;
Highland veterans show their scars ;
Highland blood has flowed like water
In our Gracious Sovereign's wars.

We have praised in song and story,
Those who bravely fought and fell,
For Old England's might and glory,
For the Queen they love so well.

And shall we this time be silent !
O thou clansman firm and true,
Shall not loyal brave Glengarry,
Through her tears feel proud of you !

Thou hast fought the sternest battle,
Thou hast met the grimmest foe ;
Christ-like stood by the forsaken
Stood till death has laid thee low.

Praise thy sons, dear old Glengarry,
Prompt to do, calm to endure ;
And among your very noblest,
Set God's hero Norman Dewar.

THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY.

The Rev. Mr. Young was one stormy day visiting one of his people, an old man, who lived in great poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedsburg. He found him sitting with his Bible open upon his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort, the snow drifting in through the roof and under the door, and scarcely any fire in the hearth. "What are you about to-day, John?" asked Mr. Young on entering. "Ah, sir," said John, "I am sitting under His shadow with great delight."

THEY only see the snow heaped on the moor,
The bare trees shivering in the winter's breath,
The icy drift that sifteth through the door,
Me, old and poor, waiting the call of death.

They think my cot is bare and comfortless,
With broken roof and paper-mended pane ;
They see but poverty and loneliness,
And think in pity that my death were gain.

They know not, Master, that Thou art so near,
Thou holdest me ; I lean upon Thy might,
I know Thy voice, Thy whisperings I hear,
I stay beneath Thy shadow with delight.

The royal purple of Thy garment died,
From Bozrah, is spread over even me ;
All my unworthiness, my want I hide
Under Thy princely vesture shelteringly.

Thy hand is underneath my weary head,
Thy strong right hand that saved me long ago ;
I'm cradled in Thy arms and comforted,
What more have I to do with want or woe.

What more indeed ! so sheltered, so embraced,
For ever Thou art mine and I am Thine ;
Thy banner's love, Thy fruit sweet to my taste,
Thou givest to my lips the Kingdom's wine.

How sweetly solemn is this awful place !
Where all of earth fades out and vanishes ;
I cannot fear while I behold Thy face,
My help, my friend, the Lord my righteousness.

I do not feel the waters cold and deep,
Waters to swim in through whose waves I come ;
The love that holds me up is strong to keep,
'Tis but a little way from this to home.

My sight grows dim, my one Redeemer, Lord,
Bring nearer still the brightness of Thy face,
I hear Thy voice, assuring is Thy word,
Close to Thy heart is my abiding place.

We're nearing home—forever all is well,
In through the agate windows I can see
The place prepared—glory ineffable,
To which in royal love Thou ledest me.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LEACH CRAIG.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.

WHAT is it that has stilled the usual hurry,
Checking the eager tread of rapid feet ?
Why does the business face look sad and sorry
Within the place where merchants choose to meet ?
A something not unusual or strange,
One face is missing on the Corn Exchange.

Alas ! they say he had uncommon merit,
High the esteem and confidence he won ;
He brought to business life a joyous spirit,
And mixed commercial tact with boyish fun.

We miss his breezy laugh, his pleasant face,
The skill that marked him for the foremost place.

There is a ship steaming across the billow,
That should have brought him to his mother's knee;
Did warning dreams hover around her pillow,
Of the dear face she never more shall see?
She sits at home deeming that all is well,
Who shall the tale of her bereavement tell?

She waited for him in the bright May morning,
When the spring buds were blooming in their prime,
And the green earth was crowned with their adorning,
To greet his coming with the summer time.
The mists have fallen and her eyes are dim,
Looking across death's valley after him.

The good ship sailed upon the day of sailing,
And furled her sails in port the voyage o'er;
But in his home waiting is changed to wailing,
For he will come to them on earth no more.
The Master called—he answered speedily,
And sailed away across the “silent sea.”

They praise him in the land of his adoption,
Say what he was, and what he might have been,
Speak of the honours that were at his option,
Since he came here a fair lad of nineteen.
That upward has his path been ever since,
To sit among the first a merchant prince.

The “never more” chills through the friendly praises,
Never to see his face, his coming form;
Never his foot shall stand on Antrim daisies,
Or tread again the Parks of old Galgorm;
Nor sleep among his fathers, silent, still,
Beneath the sycamores in fair Grace Hill.

His mother in her island home is weeping,
For what her eyes desired she shall not see ;
The fair young wife her widowed vigil keeping
Among her babes on this side of the sea—
One in their sorrow which is all too deep
For comfort—theirs to sit apart and weep.

Mother and wife one in their poignant grieving,
One in their anguish over lifeless clay ;
One in the consolation of believing
That he was worthy who has passed away.
By sorrow consecrate and set apart,
To ponder all the past within their heart.

The mother, with her heartstrings quivering after
The Master's stroke, sits underneath the cross ;
The sad wife stilling all the childish laughter
Of his sweet babes, too young to feel their loss.
Who wonder in the quiet, darkened home,
Why their glad-voiced papa will never come.

So in his home beside the terraced mountain,
They sit within the shadow of his death ;
So they who were the tardy moments counting,
Till he would come to them with summer's breath.
His kith and kin by the Maine water's side,
Weep very sore for love of him that died.

Oh Death is ever coming, loved ones going,
Hearts rent with sorrow because one is not ;
The waves of trouble ever swelling, flowing,
Past the tall castle, past the sheltered cot !
" I am bereaved ! " is the unceasing moan,
Rising forever to our Father's throne.

O Christ Thou dost remember earthly weeping,
When the bereaved at Thy dear feet have cried,

Beside the grave where the much loved lay sleeping,
"Lord if Thou hadst been here he had not died."
Comfort the mourning friends, the sorrowing wife,
O Thou the Resurrection and the Life!

FAREWELL.

MY brother George has gone from me,
Far away o'er the trackless sea.
His gladdening voice I hear not now;
I see not the light of his sunny brow.
My cheeks with lonely tears are wet;
But go where he will he will love me yet.
O Thou whose blessings the heart enlarge,
Keep from all evil my brother George!
1842.

THE PRINCE OF ANHALT DESSAU.

From Carlisle.

THE young Prince of Anhalt Dessau,
The Dowager's only son,
Was a sturdy strong-limbed fellow
And a most determined one.

Shook the tutor his locks of silver,
"And if I have any skill,
This young Prince of Anhalt Dessau,
He will always work his will.

“ I cry to the Wise for wisdom,
I cry for strength to the Strong,
That I train him to stand firmly
For the right against the wrong.

“ If he grow to gracious manhood,
I shall not have wrought in vain,
And my Fatherland so noble
Shall most surely reap the gain.”

The Dowager in her chamber,
With pride did her blue eyes shine ;
“ Fatherland hath many princes,
But none of them all like mine.

“ He has courage, fire and wisdom,
Yet tender of heart is he ;
Proud, but just and full of pity ;
This is as a prince should be.

“ My son, growing up so worthy,
Shall comfort my widowed fears ;
And he shall be my strong right hand,
Through the cares of future years.”

The Dowager's waiting women
Said ; “ Our Prince gives up the chase,
And every day his steed reins he
Down there in the market-place.

“ He forgets his rank so princely,
To his grievous harm and loss ;
A trap for his youth so tender
Is laid by the damsel Fos.”

The Princess rode in her chariot,
Away to the market-place,

With her own proud eyes beholding
The beautiful tempter's face.

But she saw a stately maiden,
With such pure and dove-like eyes,
Clothed in beauty like a flower,
Or a saint from Paradise.

"No wonder my son, so youthful,
Fixed his heart on one like thee ;
For if I were a Prince of Dessau,
Willing captive I might be.

"But you are a doctor's daughter,
My son's of a princely line ;
You may wed with one more humble,
But never with son of mine.

"But my son is very wilful,
We must conquer him with guile ;
To foreign courts he shall away,
Where most noble ladies smile.

"One he'll see whose rank is princely,
Fair of form and fair of face ;
She shall win him by her beauty
From his love in the market-place."

Said the lily maiden weeping,
"Twere well we had never met,
Go, my Prince, to be with princes,
Be happy, and so forget."

Said the Prince of Anhalt Dessau :
"What's to be God keeps in store ;
I am Prince of Anhalt Dessau,
But your lover for evermore.

“Duty is the yoke of princes,
It is good I go away;
For that widow’s son there’s blessing,
Who his mother can obey.

“But we who are ruling princes,
Should be patterns of faith and truth;
The Prince thou hast loved, my lily,
Shall never deceive thy youth.

“For as sure as to the ocean
Arrow-swift flows on the Rhine,
I go for my mother’s pleasure,
I am coming back for thine.”

A year past—the waiting-women
Said: “Our Prince is back again,”
And he shows before the Empire,
That his mother’s plans are vain.

He came from the courts of Europe,
He came to his mother’s knee;
But first went to the market-place,
The maiden he loved to see.

Said the Princess, “Son, you’re welcome,
Anhalt Dessau’s hope and pride;
Have you well and wisely chosen
For Dessau a high-born bride?”

“I saw many royal beauties,
Dames courtly and fair and kind;
But with married eyes I saw them,
For my heart was left behind.”

Said the lady to her council:
“So our plans have failed thus far;

He'll forget his low-born chosen
When he learns to look on war.

"While he's gone I'll seek to rid me
Of the beauty which I dread;
I will give a precious dower
To him who shall woo and wed."

Said the Doctor to his daughter:
"Here's a life of wealth and ease,
And a fair bridegroom too, daughter,
For we must our Princess please."

'Ah me!' said the lily maiden,
"That I am the cause of strife!
Woeful is the gift of beauty—
I'll be an unwilling wife.

"I have no strength for the battle,
No more than a wounded dove;
O Leopold Anhalt Dessau,
Where art thou, my only love?"

With a moan of helpless sorrow,
From the bridegroom turned her face,
And saw a gallant troop of horse
Drawn up in the market-place.

A strong arm is soon around her,
Young Dessau is by her side,
"Draw and defend yourself, you wretch!
Who would dare to claim my bride."

Then he stood before his mother,
With a stern and angry face;
"I have stopped a gallant wedding,
Begun in the market-place.

“The maid thou wouldst give in marriage,
Is mine by her plighted word ;
And his blood who would supplant me,
Has reddened on my good sword.

“Be a queen in Anhalt Dessau,
Let tower and town be thine ;
But leave unto me my treasure,
This fair low-born love of mine.

“She’s my first love and my last one,
And never we two shall part ;
I’ll take her—with rites most holy
I will bind her to my heart.”

Now the holy words are spoken,
At the young Dessau’s command.
He wedded the lily maiden,
And he gave her his left hand.

“What’s to be,” said Anhalt Dessau,
“Is known but to God above ;
But I have obeyed my mother,
Been true to my early love.

“Now must I go to the battle,
Leave mother and bride behind ;
My wife, be a child to my mother,
Mother, to my love be kind.

“A soldier’s life is uncertain,
Let us sternly do our best,
Love and duty be our watchword,
And leave to our God the rest.”

And thus the high Prince of Dessau,
While giving obedience due

To his gracious lady mother,
To his own first love was true.

He is gone away to battle,
He's always in high command ;
As a man of vast resources,
Who is as the king's right hand.

Drilling, battling, planning, seiging,
The bravest of all the brave ;
The wisest of all in counsel,
Loyal, courteous, kind and grave.

This was in the time of battles,
Battles for the native land ;
Whatever was in safe keeping,
Was held by the strong right hand.

Anhalt Dessau, bold and daring,
Anhalt Dessau wise and slow,
With a brain full of expedients,
To subdue or outwit the foe.

In each conflict still to conquer,
In each counsel wiser grown,
Till he stood above his fellows,
A supporter of the throne.

Till the king in council chamber,
Said : " My lords we must devise
New honours for Anhalt Dessau,
My general brave and wise.

" Leopold of Anhalt Dessau,
First in counsel, first in fight,

What high reward you choose to name
Is yours by undoubted right."

" My Liege, to have served my country
And King till the strife is o'er,
To be Sovereign Prince of Dessau,
Is so much that I ask no more.

" Nought for me but that I labour
For my country all my life ;
If you wish to do me honour,
Make a princess of my wife.

" I married her with my left hand,
For she was of low degree ;
I'd wed her with my right—with both,
For so dear is she to me."

" We will make thy wife a princess."
Said the King with kindling brow,
" God grant she may bring to Dessau,
Many sons so brave as thou.

" You are Sovereign Prince of Dessau.
By the right of princely birth,
She is Sovereign Queen of Beauty,
As fair as there walks the earth.

" She's fairest, and you the bravest,
With love for a joining band,
Shall rank equal with the noblest
That walks in our Fatherland."

Years passed over Anhalt Dessau,
And sprinkled his locks with snow ;

He had wealth, success and honours,
And his share of human woe.

His fair wife and his goodly sons
Filled his heart with joy and pride ;
But that heart was wrung with sorrow,
When his only daughter died.

For ah ! she was long in dying,
And his love was strong and warm ;
To keep her from an early grave,
He'd have given his right arm.

She was a most winsome maiden,
And she had her mother's face ;
She brought back all his wooing time,
His love in the market place.

"My daughter," he said, "you're dying,
You are fading fast away ;
What is there you would have me do,
Love, before your dying day."

"Thou the kindest and the bravest,
My father most dear !" she said,
"Whate'er you've done has pleased me,
Take that comfort when I'm dead.

"But if you would do me pleasure,"
She said with a lovely smile,
"The men whom you've led in battle,
Poor fellows ! the rank and file.

"I'd like to see them marching,
To feast them with mirth and glee ;
When laid in my grave so early,
They'll think kindly thoughts of me."

“ My daughter, of all my treasures,
The loveliest and the best ;
I know that my king so gracious,
Will grant you your last request.”

With banners and martial music,
With drum-beat and trumpet-blare,
They all marched to Anhalt Bernberg,
To the palace court-yard there.

With all martial pomp and clangour,
Were the salutations made,
Where, supported at the window,
The dying one was laid.

And tables were spread to feast them,
With plenty that made them groan,
But away by the Saale river,
Old Leopold wept alone.



Leopold of Anhalt Dessau,
He has reached three score and ten ;
They think it time he step aside,
Giving place to younger men.

For old fashioned are his tactics,
And old fashioned too is he ;
And a new king has arisen,
And new counsellors there be.

Still the old man leads the army,
But he gets no word of cheer ;
For the young king is impatient,
And the courtiers laugh and jeer.

The troops are drawn up for battle,
For the long expected fight ;
“ ’Tis my last,” said Anhalt Dessau,
“ May our God defend the right ! ”

He stood among the veterans,
Whom he had so often led ;
And, according to his custom,
He uncovered his grey head.

“ We are going into battle ;
How many shall come away
Is known to the God of armies,
Who shall lead us through this day.

“ For we have come here to conquer,
As we conquered everywhere ;
Uncover, my lads, and ask for
The help that we need, in prayer.

“ O God, who through life hast led me,
Help me still, this once I pray ;
Nor let the shame of first defeat,
Come now when my head is grey !

“ Be thou present with our army,
Do Thou let Thy might decide ;
But oh ! if Thou be not with us,
Be not on the other side.

“ But leave it to drill and manhood,
Amen. In God’s name come on.”
So Leopold Anhalt Dessau,
His last battle fought and won.

And the King rescued from danger,
By the victory that day,

Lighted from his horse to greet him,
Clad in his roquelaure grey.

Bowed low to him as a master
In all the warrior's art ;
And then, as a friend in greeting,
Pressed the hero to his heart.

Now his sword rests in the scabbard,
He has done for aye with war,
For Leopold Anhalt Dessau,
Now sleeps with the sons of Thor.

MARY'S DEATH.

MARY, ah me ! gentle Mary,
Can it be you're lying there,
Pale and still, and cold as marble,
You that was so young and fair.

Seemeth it as yestereven,
When the golden autumn smiled,
On our meeting ; gentle Mary,
You were then a very child.

Busy fingers, flitting footsteps,
Never resting all day long ;
Shy and bashful, and the sweet voice
Ever breaking into song.

Always gentle, kind and thoughtful,
Blameless and so free from art,
'Twas no wonder one so lovely
Found a place within my heart.

You, while life was in its spring time,
Made the Scripture Mary's choice ;
Jesus saw you, loved you, called you,
And you listened to His voice.

Ever patient and rejoicing,
Shielded thus from unseen harm ;
On you journeyed, safely leaning
On an everlasting arm.

Three short years have not yet passed us
Flitting rapidly away,
Since we shared in the rejoicing
On your happy bridal day.

He, the lover of your childhood,
Won a bride both good and fair ;
Three short years have not yet passed us,
Mary dear—and now you're there.

Well may he grow sick with weeping,
And with sore heart mourn his loss ;
Sadly look on those two babies,
Left so early motherless.

Not for thee we weep, my darling,
An eternal gain is thine ;
We weep because we dearly loved thee,
And for those you left behind.

TO ISABEL.

I OFTEN thought to write to thee, what time
I almost fancied heaven-born genius mine,

And fondly hoped my island harp to wake,
To some new strain sung for my country's sake.
'Twas a vain hope and yet its presence smiled
Upon my day dreams when I was a child,
And only faded when my heart grew cold ;
For head and heart alike are getting old.
Had I been gifted, some bright lay would be,
With touching melody, poured forth for thee.
Now, what I think the best I wish for thee.

MAY you never be a stranger ;
Ever living with your own,
With the same eyes beaming round you,
That on your childhood shone.

Friendship knitting true hearts to you,
From youth to kindly age ;
And affection brightening, gladdening
Your pleasant heritage.

Yet not wishing to live always,
Or shrinking back afraid,
When you come—as come we all must
And pass over to the dead.

With a hope then firmly anchored,
Of a living faith possessed,
Passing from among your kindred
Into everlasting rest.

LINES ON ANNEXATION.

WE honour Brother Jonathan,
For what he has done and dared;
Nobly and firmly he hath stood
His freeborn rights to guard.

And when we see him, go ahead,
We are not with envy vexed;
We wish him all prosperity
Yet will not be annexed.

We know he has much moral force;
Much that is good and great;
Much enterprise and energy,
Which we would imitate.

But there's upon his scutcheon stains,
Which we lament to see;
And will not share—will not annex—
Our soil and air are free—

And far more glorious is the flag
Which o'er the Briton waves,
Than that whose stars of freedom shine
Upon the stripes of slaves.

We love our Queen—we love our laws;
We feel that we are free—
As independently we sit,
Each 'neath his maple tree.

Serene, while over other lands
Rolls revolution's storm,
Where they can't speak their grievances—
Dare not demand reform.

We can, as freeborn subjects, make
Our wants and wishes known—
Our voices move the parliament
And vibrate to the throne.

We're Britons and as such we'll not
For annexation sue.
Our prayer is still, God save the Queen
And bless our country too.
1850.

TO MY FRIEND.

DEAREST of all, whose tenderness could rise
To share all sorrow and to soothe all pain ;
The blessings breathed for thee with weeping eyes
Will come to thee as sunshine after rain.

My spirit clings to thine, dear, in this hour ;
Thy sorrow touches me as though 'twere mine ;
And pleading prayers for thee shall have the power
To draw down comfort from my Lord and thine.

For thou hast felt the sorrow and the care
Of other lives, as though they were thine own ;
And grateful prayers, for a memorial are
Laid up for thee before the great white throne.

You sit bereaved, and I sit with you there
In sympathy, my soul and yours can meet ;
Missing the face that was so very fair,
Missing the voice that was so very sweet.

I know how hard to bear heart-hunger is
For her quaint words and bits of bird-like song ;

The touch of dimpled hands, the soft warm kiss,
O Friend, it makes the "little while" so long!

Take comfort, dear, the "little while" is brief,
It is His love sends pain to thee or me;
We gather fruit of peace from blossomed grief
And where our treasure is our hearts shall be.

'Tis good to suffer, as He knows whose hand
Mixes the bitterness for every cup;
No grief befalls but love divine has planned,
Every bereavement cries to us, look up.

Dearest, look up, and see where, sweet and fair,
Flow the bright waters ruffled by no storm;
Under the trees whose leaves for healing are,
See 'mid the blessed throng one angel form.

The tired pet, who wanted to go home,
The Elder Brother drew her to his breast;
Earth weariness, earth soil alike unknown,
Crowned without conflict, bore her into rest.

Among the shining ones she walks, my friend,
Robed in the garments of her Fatherland;
And your earth-weary feet shall upward tend,
Drawn by the beck of that dear pierced hand.

Who in his arms enfolds your little one,
And calls you, "Come up higher where we are;
For with the well belov'd the child is gone;
Follow and faint not, friend, it is not far.

"The little one for whom your fond heart bleeds;
The dear, dear lamb who sees her Father's face;
Up to the great white throne the rough path leads,
Where Christ shall fold you both in one embrace."

LITTLE MINNIE.

Is it well with the child? and she answered, it is well.

IF earth's weariness for rest is changed,
Rest on the far off shore;
If earth's sighing's changed for singing
Psalms of praise for evermore.

And the bed of pain for roaming free,
Beneath the living trees,
Whose leaves of healing wither not
In any earthly breeze.

And to mix with those who, robed and crowned,
Walk by the crystal sea;
To gather with the other lambs
Beside the Saviour's knee.

We will keenly miss our absent child;
Lonely tears our loss will tell;
But His voice says, "It is well with her;
We answer, "It is well."

It is well to know that safely home
Is this our dearest one;
To know she's with the children fair
Gathered around the throne.

'Tis no light thing that God has stooped
Our dear one home to bring,
From weariness and painfulness
To the presence of the King.

Let weeping and rejoicing,
Mingled, our sorrow tell;
We are lonely, oh our Father
But Thou knowest it is well.

TECUMTHE.

(FROM THE "GLOBE.")

OCTOBER's leaf was sere ;
The day was dark and drear.
Wild war was loosed in rage o'er our quiet country then ;
When at Moravian town,
Where the little Thames flows down,
In the net of battle caught was Proctor and his men.

Caught in an evil plight,
When he'd rather march than fight,
Every bit of British pluck and resolution gone.
And sternly standing near,
As a British brigadier,
Stood Tecumthe, our ally, the forests' bravest son.

A prince, a leader born,
His dark eye flashed with scorn,
He said : " My father, listen, there's rumours from afar,
Of mishaps, and mistakes,
Of disasters on the lakes,
My father need not hide the mischances of the war.

" My braves have set their feet,
Where two great rivers meet ;
We went upon the war-path ; we raised the battle-song ;
We met in deadly fight,
The Yengees in their might,
Till the waters of the Wabash dyed crimson flowed along.

" They ask us, in their pride,
To idly stand aside,
To be false to our allies, and neutral in this war ;
They think that Indian men
Will never think again
Of wrongs by Yengée spoilers, how false their treaties are.

“Allies both firm and true,
For our Father’s sake to you,
Our Great Father round whose throne the mighty waters
meet;

When din of battle’s high,
Only coward curs will fly;
It is not Shawnee braves show foes their flying feet,”

“This is insolence to me,”
Said Proctor bitterly.
“But a paltry leader,” said the brave red-skinned ally.
“We stand in hopeless fray,
To meet defeat to-day;
A shadow falls around me, my fate is drawing nigh.”

High-hearted Indian chief!
No thought of fear or grief
Stilled the swellings of his heart, tamed the lightning of
his glance.

Without lordship, without land,
“Lord alone of his right hand,”
Of a heart that never beat retreat when duty said advance.

He had looked on battle oft,
Now his eagle glance grew soft,
And who can tell what sights his prophetic vision saw.
Events were drawing near,
And he was a mighty seer,
Even greater than the prophet, the grim Elskwatawa.

For, in a waking dream,
He saw forest, vale and stream,
Which, by force or fraud, the white race wrung from
doomed red men.

“Old things are passed,” he said,
“No blood that can be shed,
Will ever give us back our broad hunting-grounds again.”

“Over the burial mound,
Over the hunting-ground,
Over the forest wigwam the greedy white wave flows ;
In treachery, or wrath,
They sweep us from their path,
Backward, and ever backward, beyond Sierra snows.

“We tried to stem the wave ;
We have been bold and brave ;
We held the losing cause, the Great Spirit hid his face ;
Our nation's place is gone ;
The white wave will roll on,
Until from sea to sea we have no abiding place.

“Although we do not stand
To do battle for our land,
The allies that we fight for, though white men, do not lie ;
Their foes are ours ; stand fast,
This fight shall be my last,
'Tis fitting, on the war-path, the Shawnee chief should die.

“Where we have pitched our camp,
Red blood shall dye the swamp ;
The battle to the swift, the victory to the strong ;
But be it as it will,
My braves shall vanish still,
Slain by pale face customs, snared by their treacherous
tongue.”

He turned, where in their pride
Stood his warriors by his side,
For them to-morrow's sun might shine, to-morrow's breezes
blow ;

“But Tecumthe's lot is cast,
This fight shall be his last,
And they will do my wish,” he said, “when I am lying
low.”

Wyandot's chieftain grave,
Young and lithe, bold and brave,
Stood by Tecumthe, waiting the beginning of the fray ;
Tecumthe silence broke,
And thus to him he spoke,
" My brother from this onset I'll never come away.

" This scarf of crimson grand,
By brave Sir Isaac's hand,
Was bound round me with praise, when his heart towards
me was stirred ;
I belt it around you,
My brother brave and true,
Think about Tecumthe, and remember his last word.

" When on the red war-path,
War fiercely to the death,
Be pitiful and tender to the helpless and the fair ;
I fought—have many slain,
But not a single stain
Of blood of maids or children dims the good sword I wear.

" Brother, a forest maid
Within my wigwam stayed,
She is called before me, far beyond the glowing west ;
This battle lost or won,
You'll take my little son,
Train him a Shawnee brave, let him be in deer skin drest.

" When grown a warrior strong,
To feel his nation's wrong,
When he is fierce in battle, and wise in council fire,
Worthy my sword to wear,
Then with a father's care,
Let thy hand belt upon him the good sword of his sire.

" Tell him, I lived and fought
For my nation and had not

A thought but for their good, or resentment for their
wrong,
Nor ever wished to have
Any gift the pale-face gave
Nor learned a single word of the fatal pale-face tongue.

“Tell him, he is the last,
Of a race great in the past,
Before the foot of white men had stepped upon our strand ;
And if fate will not give
Any place where they may live,
Let him die among his people, and for his people’s land.

“I strip this coat off here,
Of a British Brigadier.
It is a costly garment with gold lace grand and brave ;
The Shawnee chief is best,
In shirt of deerskin drest,
Not in pale-face gift they’ll find me, who lay me in the
grave.

“I have lost all but life,
To meet in mortal strife,
To kill many, that the white squaws weep as ours have
done ;
To lie among the dead,
With garments bloody red,
And go to happy hunting grounds beyond the setting sun.

“This will be, Wyandot brave,
You’ll give to me a grave,
In dimness of the forest, in earth my mother’s breast,
Each tall tree a sentinel,
Will guard the secret well
Of where you laid Tecumthe down to his lasting rest.”

After the fatal fight
The strife became a flight

They found the chief Tecumthe lying still among the slain
Never to fight again.

Ah ! little recked he then
That dastard white men outraged his body to their shame.

After the headlong flight,
In the dark dead of night,
They came, from further outrage his loved remains to save
Within the forest deep
They laid him down to sleep ;
And the forest guards the secret ! no man knows his grave.

Our land, our pride and boast,
Spreads now from coast to coast,
Stands up a great Dominion among the ruling powers.
For us this chieftain fought,
An ally unbribed, unbought ;
We guard his name and fame in this Canada of ours.

We have grown strong and bold,
Able to have and hold ;
Our allies the red men are cared for with our care.
East or in the wild Nor-west,
In peace they hunt or rest ;
No man their lands may covet because they're broad and
fair.

CREED AND CONDUCT COMBINED AS CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The incident related in the following lines occurred thus :—At a meeting of Presbytery appointed to deal with the case of the Reverend David Macrae, of Gourrock, Scotland, one of the members of the Court had stolen out to enjoy his pipe and the quiet of his own thoughts for a few minutes before engaging in the strife of debate, when he was accosted by a stranger, woefully dilapidated, who asked him with great earnestness if he would tell him where he could see Mr. Macrae, as he was most anxious to have some conversation with him. “Do you know, sir,” said this poor, ruined one, “that on the doctrine of future punishment Mr. Macrae and I are in perfect accord, and I am very desirous to tender him my cordial sympathy and support. I esteem it my duty to do what I can to comfort and cheer this young and courageous minister of the Gospel, in the cruel and unjust persecution to which he is being subjected.”

THE Presbytery, with one accord in one place,
 Were met to consider and speak on the case
 Of David Macrae, bent, with reverend skill,
 On putting him through th' ecclesiastical mill.
 I was there, I slipped out, just the plain truth to tell,
 To ha'e a quate thinkin' time a' by mysel',
 On the new fangled doctrine o' nae hell ava,
 Which gies wrang-doers comfort that is na' sae sma'.
 It's a gey soothin' thoct, aye, it pleases them weel,
 Leavin' hooseless an' hameless the muckle black deil;
 It delivers mankind frae a fear and a dread;
 Sae I pondered along never lifting my head.
 Is it richt? is it wrang? is it truth or a lie?
 We will cannily find oot the truth by and by.
 If it's truth or a lie that lies at the root
 Should be shown when the doctrine grows up and bears
 fruit.

Thus I daundered and pondered; on lifting my e'e
 An answer to some o' my thocts cam' to me.
 There cam' doon the causey a comical chiel,
 Wi' an air an' a gait that was unco genteel;
 By the cut o' his jib an' the set o' his claes
 He was ane o' thae folk wha ha'e seen better days;
 He was verra lang legged, hungry-lookin' an' lean;
 His claes werna' new, nor weel hainèd nor clean;
 Tight straps his short trews to meet shiny boots drew,
 Where wee tae an' big tae alike keeked through;
 His coat ance black braid-claith, was rusty enough,
 It was oot at the elbows, an' frayed at the cuff;
 It was white at the seams, it was threadbare and thin,
 An' to hide a' defects, buttoned up to the chin.
 Bruised and dinged in the crown and the brim was his
 hat;
 But set jauntily on his few hairs for a' that;
 Paper collar an' cuffs showed in lieu of a shirt,
 As he daintily picked his way over the dirt;

His face leaden and mottled with blossom that grows
Out of whisky, an' deep bottle-red was his nose ;
His e'en bleared an' bloodshot, were watery an' dim,
Pale an' puffy the eyelids, an' red roun' the rim ;
Thae e'en, that ha'e gotten a set in the head,
Wi' watchin' ower often the wine when it's red.
Eh, me, sirs ! what wreck in the universe can
Be sae awsome to see as the wreck of a man !
Whatever of talents, or good looks, or gear,
What walth o' good chances had been this man's here ;
What gifts that might make his life lofty and grand,
A blessin' to others, a power in the land.
All was gone, gifts an' graces, the greatest, the least,
Were hidden beneath the broad mark o' the beast—
Stamped on, I may say, frae the head to the feet,
All lost of the man but his pride an' conceit ;
Varnished ower wi' the airs o' the shabby genteel,
He was gingerly steppin' his way to the diel.
But now he is gaun to greet me on the way
Comin' forrid as ane that has something to say.
Takin' off wi' a flourish the bit o' a hat,
He boosed wi' an air maist genteel ower that ;
“ Excuse me, sir, stoppin' you thus on the way,
Can you bring me to where I'll see David Macrae ?
He's a preacher that men of my culture must choose ;
I assure you he holds and he preaches my views ;
A doctrine divested of all vulgar fears,
That I've held and believed in for years upon years.
A doctrine most sensible, likely, and true,
I endorse it, sir, as, I trust, you also do ? ”
I answered him, gien a bit shake to my head,
As I looked at the man and considered his creed ;
“ You'll see Mr. Macrae, my man, there is nae doot,
If you stan' aboot here till they're a' comin' oot ;
But my frien', this new doctrine, that fits ye sae fine,
May be yours verra likely, but ne'er can be mine.”

RETROSPECT.

I SIT by the fire in the gloaming,
In the depths of my easy chair,
And I ponder, as old men ponder,
Over times and things that were.

And outside is the gusty rushing,
Of the fierce November blast,
With the snow drift waltzing and whirling,
And eddying swiftly past,

It's a wild night to be abroad in,
When the ice blast and snow drift meet
To wreath round all the world of winter
A shroud and a winding sheet.

There's a dash of hail at the window,
Thick with driving snow is the air ;
But I sit here in ease and comfort
In the depths of my easy chair.

I have fought my way in life's battle,
And won Fortune's fickle caress ;
Won from fame just a passing notice,
And enjoy what is called success.

As I sit here in ease and comfort,
And the shadows they rise and fall,
And the dear old familiar faces
Look out from the pannelled wall.

Ah ! reminders of living fondness
Gleam out in their pictured looks ;
And in ranks round from floor to ceiling,
Are my life-long friends, my books.

The bright wood fire crackles and sparkles,
Leaping up with a sudden glow,
Playing hide and seek with the shadows
That flit round me to and fro.

They come and look over my shoulder,
And they vanish behind my chair ;
Ah ! the notice that life's November
Has sprinkled with snow my hair.

Ah ! the shadows that gather round me,
That will never more depart,
That are flitting around my chamber,
That are closing around my heart !

All the shadows of undone actions,
And the shadow of deep regret,
Over many occasions wasted,
And of duties, alas ! unmet.

Over words that are left unspoken,
And of woe that was left unshared,
Over high resolutions broken,
And calls that would not be heard.

And the shade of a deeper sorrow
Still hovers about my chair ;
It is this, and not life's November,
Has sprinkled with snow my hair.

For my life has passed into evening,
And I sit, mid the shadows here,
Hearing still the shadowy whisper
That success may be bought too dear.

TO THE RAIN.

COME forth, O rain ! from thy cool, distant hall,
 And lave the parched brow of the feverish earth ;
 The little drooping flow'rets on thee call ;
 Come, with thy cool touch wake them up to mirth.
 They will lift up glad faces to the sky,
 Drinking in gladness from the warm moist air,
 Now, thirsty, hot, and faint, they droop and die ;
 Thou only canst revive these fainting fair.
 The grain has shrivelled, pining after thee,
 And waves light-headed from a sickly stalk ;
 There's no green herbage on the sunburned lea ;
 The glaring sun through glowing skies doth walk ;
 Looking down hotly on sweet Allumette,
 Thinking to dry it with his ardent gaze ;
 Each day a strip of sand left bare and wet,
 Tells how she shrinks from his pursuing rays
 1870.

 DIVIDED.¹

WE came to the dividing line ;
 Then he passed over and I am here ;
 Sad and sore is this heart of mine
 That has no power to shed a tear ;
 For, like one who rises and walks in sleep,
 I am lost in a dream—I cannot weep.

Yet he was good and fair to see,
 I know in my heart he loved me well ;
 What separated him from me,
 I cannot tell ; oh ! I cannot tell ;
 For the blow came sudden, and sharp, and sore,
 And I am alone now for evermore.

I thought to walk through all our time
Together, linked to a lofty aim ;
With sudden wrench I'm left behind—
My heart is slain ! oh, my heart is slain !
And the ghost of my heart within me cries,
Why, alas ! was I made a sacrifice ?

My royal eagle ordained to soar—
Breast to the storm, and eyes to the sun—
Up be thy flight ! and think no more
Of one the life of whose life is done ;
While I, stunned and sick with a dumb despair,
Still mourn by the grave of a hope so fair.

TO MARY.

It is not very long since first we met,
Thy path and mine lay very far apart ;
We are not of one nation, dear one, yet
Thou hast awakened love within my heart.

It is a love that sorrow never tried,
And yet, like tested love, it is as true
As love that stood in dark hours by your side,
If hours were ever dark or sad to you.

Not for your beauty, though I think you fair,
Not for the kind heart or the tender word ;
But for the kindredship,—because you were
One who both knew and loved my gracious Lord.

One who had often met with Him alone ;
One over whom His garment had been laid ;
Clothed on with beauty that was not your own,
Bought with a price no other could have paid.

Divided by the ridge of time are we,
Yet we are near akin at heart my friend ;
Our prayers and praises will together be
Blended and fused in one as they ascend.

For I, too, heard the Well-Beloved's voice,
Calling the new life in the soul to wake,
Drawing us after Him in loving choice,
Making us love His loved ones for His sake.

TO FRANCES.

DEAR love, life has dewy mornings,
And the shadeless blaze of noon,
Flowers, that we stop to gather,
That fade from our hands so soon.

Dear love, there are meetings, partings,
We have sunshine, we have shade ;
There's no continuing city
That our human hands have made.

We go onward, joy and sorrow
Checkers all the path we tread ;
But our Father loves His children,
And with loving care they're led.

Dear love, His great wisdom chooseth
The path that we both have trod ;
And through storm, and calm, and sunshine,
We rest in the hand of God.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS, 1870.

WITH noiseless footstep, like the white-robed snow,
The old year with closed record steals away ;
Record of gladness, suffering, joy, and woe,
Of all that goes to make life's little day.

Here, in this bright and pleasant little town,
As everywhere, a noiseless scythe hath swept ;
The bright, the green, the flow'ret all cut down,
For heart ties severed loving hearts have wept.

And some are gone we very ill can spare,
And some we gladly would have died to save,
And the young blossom of the hearth, so fair ;
But all alike have passed thy gates, oh, grave !

We see so many sable signs of woe,
Each, with mute voice, *memento mori* saith ;
As if our town that erst has sparkled so
Were passing through the vale and shade of death.

But louder rumours from a far-off world
Come to our valley, where secure and free,
With the sword sheathed, the flag of battle furled,
We sit in peace beneath our emblem tree.

At peace, because the madly-wicked men
Who sought to kindle flames of border war
Have in confusion failed yet once again,
Their braggart plans dissolved in empty air.

In the Nor' West threat'nings of strife arose,
The muttered thunders all have died away ;
Unstained by blood may sleep their mantling snows ;
Unmarred by civil strife their wintry day.

War clouds seemed o'er the hapless land to brood,
The warning bugle sounded far abroad ;
Red River might have ran with kindred blood,
But Manitoba heard the speaking God.

Our summer skies were clouded dark and low ;
'Twas not the blessed rain that bowed them down,
But smoke wreaths rolling heavy, huge, and slow,
And thick as rising from a conquered town.

And where rich crops, and wealthy orchards fair,
Spread to the sun, rustled in breeze of morn,
The fire passed through, and left them black and bare,
Rushing like Samson's foxes through the corn.

Then, like a giant roused, it onward came,
With red arm reaching to the trees on high ;
Till the whole landscape in one sheet of flame,
Glowed like a furnace 'neath a brazen sky.

O'er many a hearth red, burning ruin swept,
Till people fancied 'twas a flaming world ;
All labour gained, and prudent care had kept,
And precious life were in one ruin hurled.

But as the fire fast spread, 'tis sweet to know,
So loving kindness and sweet pity ran ;
This wide spread wail of human want and woe,
Served to bring out the brotherhood of man.

Here, on the lovely pine-fringed Allumette,
We hear the distant echoes of the jar,
Where Galile pluck and Teuton drill have met
In the long shock of cruel murderous war.

We only read of fields heaped high with slain,
Of vineyards flooded red, but not with wine,

Of writhing heaps of groaning anguished pain,
Of wounded carted off in endless line.

We read of all the stern eyed pomp of war,
The list of wounded and the number slain ;
But know not what war's desolations are,
How much one battle costs of human pain.

All the sweet homes beneath the chestnut trees
Blackened and waste, the hearth light quenched in gore ;
What hecatombs of human agonies
Are laid war's demon-chariot wheels before !

When a few deaths so shadow a whole place,
Let us but think of that beleaguered town
Where famine's blackness sits in every face,
War cutting thousands, want ten thousands down.

And France is one great grave, her native clay
Top dressed with human flesh and steeped in blood ;
Hushed are the sounds of little ones at play,
And blackened wastes where pleasant hamlets stood.

In spots the grain will yet grow rank and strong,
Over brave hearts that conquered as they fell ;
Falling, left hearts to sorrow for them long,
By the swift Rhine, or by the blue Moselle.

When will the nations learn to war no more,
Nor with red hands adore the God of peace ?
O Thou, most merciful, whom we adore,
Bid this unnecessary war to cease !

And look upon our country, young and strong,
With prospects of a future great and grand ;
Grant us that Right still triumph over Wrong,
That Righteousness exalt and bless the land.

That here where smiling peace and plenty reign,
Beneath the glory of unclouded skies,
A Nation that shall know no honour stain,
Girt by sons pure and peaceful, shall arise.

O ! Canada our own beloved land ;
Land of free homes, and hearts uncowed by fear,
Refuge of many, be it thine to stand
Foremost among the nations each New Year !

MY BABY.

HE lay on my breast so sweet and fair,
I fondly fancied his home was there ;
Nor thought that the eyes of merry blue,
With baby love for me laughing through,

Were pining to go from whence he came,
Leaving my arm empty, and heart in pain ;
Longing to spread out his wings and fly
To his native home far beyond the sky.

They took him out of my arms, and said,
My baby so sweet and fair was dead ;
My baby that was my heart's delight,
The fair little body they robed in wh

Flowers they placed at the head and féet,
Like my baby fair, like my baby sweet ;
They laid him down in a certain place,
And round him they draped soft folds of lace.

Till I'd look my last at my baby white,
Before they carried him from my sight ;

By the sweet dead babe, so fair to see,
They tried in kindness to comfort me.

They said, " he is safe from care and pain,
Safe and unspotted by sin or stain ;
Before the mystery of the years
Brings heart ache or pang, or sorrow's tears.

He's safe, sweet lamb, in the Shepherd's care,
Sorrow nor suffering enters there ;
But with brow of gladness, clothed in light,
He is fair as the angels in His sight.

I know what they said to me was true,
And should have fallen on my heart like dew ;
For, although my grief was very sore,
My baby was safe for evermore.

I know that they spoke with kindly care,
My grief to comfort and soothe, or share ;
But I gave my baby the last, last kiss,
Saying, God alone comforts grief like this.

THE FATE OF HENRY HUDSON.

I, LOUIS MARIN, mariner, born on the Breton coast,
Must pass from earth away,
And, because wild remorse
Pursues me—is my curse,
My guilty hand this day
Will write down of the crime that haunts my death-bed
like a ghost.

In sixteen hundred ten,
Bold Hudson and his men
Left London town behind with its castles, towers and
fanés ;
The crew were twenty-three,
Which, alas ! included me,
When the good ship *Discovery* went sailing, down the
Thames.
We were all picked men and strong ;
We took willing hearts along.
Yes ; our hearts were bold and brave :
Every eye was keen and bright,
When the wild Atlantic wave
Hid the homeland from our sight.

On a voyage of discovery, bound to win a high renown,
That on the line of years our names be proudly handed
down,
As, with merry hearts and light, we flew on before the
blast ;
We little dreamed this voyage was ordained to be our
last.
All full of reckless venture, and so fearless—could we
know
Hope beckoned on a path of fame to lure us into woe ;
As we sailed into the frozen seas, the place of ice and
snow,
We sighted the ominous Farewell Cape,
And steered north through drift ice up Baffin's Strait.
Oh, lonely and drear to the weary eye,
Were the vast ice-fields floating slowly by.
Not a blade of grass not a leaf to tell
That the summer verdure was possible.
Round the pale horizon, the aching sight
Met an awful vastness of barren white ;
As if earth lay beneath the chilly sky
Struck to death by Gehazi's leprosy.

We sailed on, and round us on every hand,
On the darkling wave, on the desert strand,
On the rock-bound coast, on the icy cape,
The ice heaved up in wild fantastic shape;
In mountain, and mosque, and cathedral dome,
Lofty peak, and column, and minaret,
And ponderous arches in order set,
Tower and spire and pinnacle high,
Soaring up to the deep blue sky
Statues ice sculptured, frost work and fret,
That had some wierd likeness to sights at home.

On and on we sailed through the waters dark,
Where the damp fog clung like a witch's vail,
And hid from the faces of watchers pale,
The dangers that crowded around our bark,
In this, the birth-place of the snow and mist.
Icebergs by the low clouds covered and kissed,
Clustered round us like ghosts to bar our way;
While the sharp sleet drove on the icy blast,
Cutting through the foam of the seething spray,
Sheathing in ice both sail and mast,
Northward still northward we sailed away.

The wild air was thick with flurrying snow;
The winds broken loose, raging, swept and swirled,
Heaping mountain drifts on hummock and floe,
Deadly that wind as the cannon's breath,
To crush out life with the blast of death.
Wreathing winding sheets round an Arctic world.
Upon that wild day, on that dreadful day!
Amid grinding noises of crash and jar,
With the winds and snow, waves and ice at war,
In their wildest fury and greatest might,
We drove with the storm into that wide bay,
That forever will keep our captain's name,
And embalm in horror his death and fame,
And around us closed in the Arctic night.

Our ship was caught in jaws of ice,
That closed on it, held it as in a vice,
Ice was around us mountains high
Its dazzling spear points pierced the sky,
 In every shape of vast and wild ;
 Heaps upon heaps were tossed and hurled,
 Mountain on mountain roughly piled,
 The chaos of an icy world,

It was a ghastly, beautiful sight,
The rosy flush of the Northern Light,
Lances of splendour shot through the sky,
And blood-red banners were waved on high ;
Creatures of light darted to and fro,
Dancing in mockery of our woe ;
Unrolling with their luminous hands
Belts of glory, and quivering bands
Of heaving, pulsing, transparent green ;
Throwing out light in shimmering waves,
That spread into a tremulous sea
Of wavering glowing brilliancy,
Clothing the heavens in delicate sheen ;
From which darts, and arrows, and tongues of fire
Glancing in splendour higher and higher,
Wove themselves into a glorious crown,
Letting bright streamers hang wavering down,
Until brilliant sea and crown of beams
Faded to mist like fairy dreams
 Vanishing all away, away,
Away behind ice wall and icy caves,
 Leaving us in the moonlight grey,
Pale skeletons sitting by frozen graves.

We in our misery cared not,
For splendours that mocked our wretched lot,
We were locked in a place by God forgot.
 He did not care
 For sigh or prayer,

For He never answered to help or bless,
But death and fell sickness and loathsomeness
Of disease that cometh from extreme cold,
Joined to cow the hearts of the brave and bold,
The provisions rotted within the hold,
And the worm eaten bread was foul to use.
Sufferings and agonies manifold
Gathered round the end of that fatal cruise.

The spring kept away so late, oh so late !
Through death our numbers waxed feeble and few ;
And when famine sat down among the crew,
Came both sullen anger and fiery hate,
And we hardened our hearts and cursed our fate.
Some deserted to speedily fall and freeze
Some, swollen and blue with the fell disease,
Blasphemed and called on the saints in turn
With choking utterance and livid tongue.

 We cursed the captain to his face
 For bringing us to this wretched case.
He sat among us gloomy and stern,
His venturous heart was with anguish wrung ;
 While silent and sad
 Was the little lad,
 His only son,
 Once so full of fun

When he sailed on the cruise that had no return.

Sitting in our misery on a night,
Fresh wonders burst on our awe-struck sight ;
 For the stars were raining out of the sky,
In a fiery shower, falling thick and fast ;
Yea, and horrible sounds were on the blast,
Of crash and jar, and shivering moan,
As of rending earth ; and all nature's groan
 Were sent to warn us the end was nigh.
With awe-struck gladness we looked around,
Waiting to hear the last trumpet sound,

From living death in that desolate Bay,
We had sprung to welcome the judgment day ;
Although in the pit should our lot be cast,
So that this our great woe should end at last.
The bleak spring came, the ice did part ;
Devils entered each sailor's heart ;
No blessed thoughts sweetened our wretched lives,
Of the distant mother's, sweethearts, and wives ;
Of innocent pleasures we valued most,
In the greenwood haunts of our childhood's home,
In sweet English vale, or bold Breton coast,
That we left to sail on the salt sea foam.

We launched the boat—we, the wicked crew—
Strong in the evil we meant to do,
To leave the most helpless ones behind—
The men who were loathsome, sick and blind.
We tumbled them in without sail or oar ;
We forced in the captain and his son ;
And when the horrible crime was done
We mocked them and told them to go ashore.
O, Mighty God of the sea and land !
Where hadst Thou hidden Thy strong right hand ;
That this should happen under the sky,
And be looked at by Thy All-seeing eye ?
For we spread our sails to leave that spot,
Secure in that God regarded not.
As we steered the ship away, away,
From the boat that rocked on that dismal Bay,
There arose from the wretches left behind,
Helpless by famine, sick and blind,
A cry that would pierce through iron bars ;
The despairing groan
Of those left alone
Passed through the ranks of the shivering stars,
To the dreadful God on His holy throne.

When out of that accursed Bay,
Southward, homeward we sailed away.
We had favouring winds, we hurried fast,
Had our sails been of the hurricane's blast,
Our guilt so surrounded and hemmed us in
That we could not sail away from our sin ;
For all nature knew that we had done
The awfullest deed beneath the sun;
Our burning eyes were forbid to weep,
We lost the rest of the blessed sleep ;
For scared by dreams and terrified
By visions, leaving us weary-eyed,
We knew that the tempter's work was done,
We had staked our souls and the fiend had won.

I stood one night at the wheel alone :
Stars in millions were in the sky,
Every star an accusing eye ;
I heard again that horrible groan
Of horror, of helpless terror and pain,
I had hoped to nevermore hear again—
The cry of those we had left alone.

The sky was changed, an angry glare
Lit up the billows, and through the air
Flaming swords flashed in invisible hands,
Ready to execute God's commands.
The solemn light of the pale moon's glance
Glowed with the wrath of His countenance.
At the far horizon shadowy things
Shod with the lightning, with fiery wings,
Were darting with messages to and fro,
I saw them flitting on, noiseless, swift,
Through the holy vail of luminous mist,
Where God was apportioning our woe.
I knew the time had come when He meant
To mete out to us our punishment.

An awful voice from the maintop fell :

“ Where is the captain and sick of the crew ? ”

It filled my brain with the pains of hell ;

The cold sweat started like drops of dew.

My hair stood up—for, over the side,

On the rolling swell of the heaving tide,

Gliding along on the crest of a wave,

I saw, in the moonlight's shimmering track,

Our messmates, the feeble, sick and blind,

That leagues away we had left behind ;

To the vessel groping their blind way back

Coming again to join the crew ;

Led by the captain looking as brave,

As full of command, as he used to do.

The wave heaved up to the bulwark's side,

And one after one they stepped on board.

Dead men, with eyes that opened wide

With the stare of blindness—gracious Lord !

One of them groped his way abaft,

And laid his swollen hand on the wheel.

His hand that in death was clammy and damp ;

His blind eyes stared at the binnacle lamp,

As if the dead hand had nerves of steel,

He altered the ship's course in spite of me

Who could only stare at him and gasp,

For I was in the nightmare's grasp.

Fiends in the air around me laughed ;

But the dead man worked on all silently,

Nor noticed the ecstasy of my fears ;

Yet he was a man I had known for years.

A messmate at sea, a comrade on shore,

And in jolly carouse, in wassail roar.

My holiday time with him I spent

When I was of life-blood innocent ;

But he never looked or spoke to me,

But steered away from the open sea,

Towards the shore beyond the desolate strait,
Where suffering and crime had been so great.

Dead hands pulled the ropes and trimmed the sails,
But no cheery cries the night wind hails.
They worked the ship like men who slept
But steadily, oh so steadily !
They took in sail, the watch they kept,
And groped about blindly, silently.
Fore and aft on the waves swarmed fiendish things,
Vile creatures that seemed to be heads with wings.
Like a shoal of porpoises millions strong,
Alive with motion that could not rest,
Twisting out ropes from the breaker's crest,
From the fleecy foam of the yeasty spray,
With hands that appeared and vanished away ;
Chattering, they towed the ship along ;
And we, the living, stood looking on,
Until that horrible night was gone.

When the grey of dawn came in the sky,
With a scream and a cheer the fiends vanished ;
Over the side filing silently
Went our messmates, the corpses swollen and dead,
Gliding over the waves with the vanishing night
Till the low clouds covered them up from our sight.

We, like men who have got respite from pain,
Put about the ship toward home again,
The sails swelled out with a favouring wind ;
The coast of horrors we left behind,
And cheerily sailed in the blessed light ;
But the ghosts of the crew came back at night.
Whatever distance we gained by day.
They steered us back in the moonlight grey.

How it came to pass I can never tell,
But I thought of God in the jaws of hell—

Through my despair came the thought that He
Was a helper in extremity.
For the first time in my wandering years,
My burning eyes felt the bliss of tears.
Like refreshing dew on soul and sense
Fell the softening grace of penitence.
The Grace Divine that maketh whole,
Stole into the darkness of my soul.

Sad thoughts were rising into prayer,
By the wheel in the night air chill and raw,
The ghost of my messmate stood by me,
And looked in my face with eyes that saw.
The blue lips said "Be awake, and aware,
The enchanted ship will touch the shore,
Fly then from us, and you will be free,
Your penance of suffering will be o'er.
But the rest, for the deed that they have done,
Shall sail on without rest beneath the sun."

I made my escape when we reached the shore,
And I saw the ship and the crew no more.
Alone I laid myself down to die ;
No human aid, as I thought, was nigh.
I longed for death, I was not afraid.
I was found by roving hunter bands,
Brought back to life by merciful hands,
The hands of a dark skinned Indian maid.
She nursed me with skill and tenderness,
And recovered me from loathsomeness.
But the day has come and the hours draw nigh,
When I, Louis Marin, must surely die.
I write down my crime, that soon or late
The world may know Captain Hudson's fate.

I write of our crime and our sufferings,
Of vengeance that follows, remorse that stings.

Messmates remember though crime is done,
In the lonest spot beneath the sun,
Where footstep of man has never trod,
It's under the eye of an avenging God.
He comes near, a Swift Witness, with intent
That they who sow crime shall reap punishment.

FORSAKEN.

Beside the open window she is lying,
Through which comes softly in the balmy air,
And fans her wasted cheek ; but slowly dying,
She seeth not that autumn's finger fair
Tinges the golden landscape everywhere.

She seeth not the glory of the maples,
That in their crimson robes surround her home ;
Nor the rich red of the ripe clustering apples
In the old orchard, where can never come
Her flying feet to stoop and gather some.

That is her home where in life's young May morning,
She careless sung the joyful hours away ;
A happy-hearted child, to whom no warning
Came of the future shipwreck by the way,
Or of the worshipped idol turned to clay.

The place has passed to strangers ; unregretting,
She looks upon the home, no longer hers,
Of all the happy past she's unforgetting ;
But deeper anguish now her bosom stirs,
The sorrow that can find no comforters.

Father and mother lie beneath the grasses,
That lonely wave within the churchyard gloom ;

And the sad wind is wailing as it passes,
Asking the dead to hasten and make room,
For her that's slowly sinking to the tomb.

Seeing as if she saw not, one sore longing
Is she awake to ; as she lieth here ;
Dead to regretful thoughts that round are thronging ;
All too absorbed to shed repenting tear,
Or look into the future drawing near.

She hath lost all the keen desire of living,
The power to grieve over a vanished name ;
She thinks one thought, poor child, her heart forgiving
All of her wrongs, all of her suffered shame,
And has no power left with which to blame.

Never again shall hope with her awaken ;
For all hope buried in one small grave lies ;
But her heart longs that he who has forsaken
Should look once more with kindness in her eyes,
And take her poor forgiveness ere she dies.

So in a calm that hopes for no assistance,
With longings that are lost in empty air,
Her dying eyes are fixed upon the distance,
Lest he should come upon her unaware,
"He cometh not," she whispers in despair.

KEEPING TRYST.

WHO is the maid with silken hair
By clear Maine Water roaming ?
For the fairy Queen is not so fair
As she in the lonely gloaming.

It is sweet Mysie of Bellee,
John Millar's lovely daughter ;
She is waiting where the old elm tree
Droops over the sweet Maine Water.

"The trysting time has come and past,
The day is fast declining ;
Oh my true love, are you coming fast,
For the star of love is shining ?"

"The moon is bright, the ford is safe,
The market folks crossed over ;
Oh, come to me, it is wearing late,
And I wait for thee, my lover.

"I fear me there will be a storm,
The clouds, with murky fingers,
Are muffling the stars o'er far Galgorm,
Where my own true lover lingers."

She turned her from the trysting tree,
So sadly home returning,
Saying "He has broken tryst with me,
And his ship sails in the morning."

She took three steps from that sad place,
Where doubt of him had found her ;
And he stood before her face to face,
And he drew his arm around her.

"I thought, without one last farewell,
We had for ever parted ;
And I could not of the anguish tell
That had left me broken hearted.

"My love I'm going far away ;
Whatever may betide us,

Our loving hearts are one for aye,
Though the roaring seas divide us."

He broke a ring between them two ;
He made a vow to bind him
To death, and beyond it to be true
To her he had left behind him.

Years passed, the maiden secretly
Watched on with anxious wonder,
For some love message ; but treachery
Kept the two fond hearts asunder.

She lived in hope that he would write,
And some love token send her ;
Her step grew feeble, her face grew white,
And her eyes got unearthly splendour.

And lovers they besieged her sore ;
For love that she had given
To one who would come to her no more ;
So she faded into heaven.

They made her grave where robins sing ;
Trees whisper requiems daily ;
They laid her down with her broken ring,
In her grave at Kirk ma Rielly.

Word went out of the maiden's death,
Who for true love departed ;
It found him who mourned her broken faith,
And mourned her as false, falsehearted.

He turned as cold as cold, cold clay,
And fell struck down with sorrow ;
"I know how my dear love died to-day,
I will die for her to-morrow.

“My love is dead so sweet and fair,
 Blighted and broken hearted ;
I'll keep my tryst, and together dead,
 We'll rest who were falsely parted.

“Gold that my darling could not save,
 That made my love derided,
Shall carry me home and dig my grave ;
 We'll not be in death divided.”

They made his grave on Erin's breast,
 Where the birds sing requiems daily ;
And laid him beside his love to rest,
 In the grave-yard of Kirk ma Rielly.

EDGAR.

I have not wept for Edgar, as a mother
 Weeps for the tender lamb she lays to rest ;
And yet it cannot be that any other
 Baby like him shall lie upon my breast ;
For he was with us but a passing guest,
A birdling that belonged not to the nest.

Looking upon his large dark eyes so tender,
 Filled with the solemn light of Paradise,
I knew that word would soon come to surrender,
 My babe, not mine, but native to the skies ;
As the sweet lark that ever upward flies,
He would be taken from my longing eyes.

For from the first he looked to be earth-weary,
 And clung to me with no desire to play ;
He never laughed and crowed with spirit cheery
 Like my earth babies ; but from day to day

Seemed ever yearning for the far-away ;
And well I knew he could not with me stay.

The angels whispered things I knew not of ;
My babe had visions of a far-off land ;
I knew it, that he yearned for higher love,
And reached to touch another unseen hand ;
That drew him from my little household band ;
They wailed for him of whom they were so fond.

And when he closed his eyes and fell asleep,
Loosening his baby grasp away from mine,
Turning from me that had no power to keep,
The glory of a placidness divine
Beamed on his face ; I took it for a sign,
And bowed my head to say, Thy will is mine.

I weep for him in silence of the night ;
I see him where the holy angels are ;
His radiant eyes have lost their mournful light,
And beam with happy glory like a star ;
I weep with mournful joy to think that, where
The Master is, my little babe is there.

GONE.

Mournfully, mournfully,
All around me are crying,
For my dark-eyed baby boy
Is dying, dying.

Tenderly, tenderly
To him I am clinging,
But he slips from my fond arms ;
Death bells are ringing.

Joyfully, joyfully
Angels are receiving
My babe—by the empty cot
I must sit grieving.

WHAT WENT YE OUT FOR TO SEE ?

On Jordan's banks gathered an eager crowd ;
The Royal city poured its dwellers out ;
The vintage was untouched in Ephraim ;
No fisher's boat from Magdala put out.

Up from Engedi's fountain, down the slope
Of terraced Olivet, an eager throng,
Filled with one purpose, one absorbing hope,
Unto the Jordan take their way along.

The priestly robe, the saintly Pharisee,
The publican, the sinner, all were there,
The doubting, sneering, questioning Sadducee,
Just risen from his seat, the scorner's chair.

All carried there the consciousness of sin ;
A wish for some one having power to save ;
Ready to do some great thing peace to win ;
So came they to the ford by Jordan's wave.

What did they see ? not one in purple vest,
Who lives deliciously, abides by choice
In palaces, and he in hair cloth drest,
And leathern girdled is—Is what ? a voice.

In poor array, the greatest prophet stood
Beside the waters where the banks are green,

“ Art thou the looked-for one ? Will Jordan’s flood
Touched by thy hand have power to make us clean ? ”

“ The Jordan will not wash your guilt and shame ;
Sin must be washed away in sinless blood.”
And looking upon Jesus as he came,
He said to them, “ Behold the Lamb of God.”

THE IROQUOIS SIDE OF THE STORY.

I, AN Iroquois brave,
Speak from my forest grave,
Where by Utawa’s wave
I sleep in glory.
Listen, pale faces, then,
Let years roll back again,
While of Iroquois men
I tell the story,

We were the foremost race,
That roamed the forest space ;
None stood before our face,
Rousing our fierce wrath ;
By Stadacona’s steep,
Where Santee’s waters sleep,
Prairie broad, valley deep,
Have been our war path.

Eries by inland seas,
Mountain bred Cherokees,
Of us, Hodenosaunees,
With fear grew frantic ;
Feared us who made their home,
Under the pinetrees lone,
Where the winds lash to foam,
The wild Atlantic.

Tribute from east and west,
Of what we loved the best,
Wampum belt, necklace drest
 Gladly they grant us.
White men can wisely tell,
How we fought, how we fell ;
None could our glory quell,
 No tribe could daunt us.

Eagles for swiftness we,
Panthers for subtlety,
Wise when in counsel free,
 We took our stations.
Where was the tribe so brave,
Whose war craft could them save
From being conquered, slave
 Of the Six Nations !

Wah ! we all heard the news,
Of the winged war canoes,
Swift as the wild sea mews,
 Objects of wonder ;
Spreading their white wings wide,
Breasting the mighty tide,
Black lips from out their side,
 Spoke lofty thunder.

Upward their way they steer,
Swifter than swimming deer,
Furled they their white wings near
 Green Hochelaga.
We heard their name and fame,
Sweeping like forest flame,
To our great lodge it came,
 In fair Onondaga.

Shy on their native strand,
The mild Algonquins stand

And gave the heart's right hand
 To the white stranger.
With speech and gesture fair,
Gave a free welcome there,
Proud they to spare and share,
 Fearing no danger.

Pale face and red man met,
Smoked they the Calumet,
And the peace feast was set
 For the pale faces ;
All of sweet wild wood cheer,
Fish from the river clear.
Haunch of the antlered deer,
 Feast the two races.

If peace and trust were slain,
Whose the loss ? Whose the blame ?
Let the white scribes explain,
 Our foes be our judges.
They sat down as conquerors,
Took the land, took the furs,
Let the braves starve like curs
 Outside their lodges.

Vanished the hunter strong,
Stilled was the husking song ;
No corn fields stretched along
 In green Hochelaga.
Like to the forest flame,
Devouring the white man came ;
Soon spread their evil fame
 To far Onondaga.

Should we be pale face prey,
Fade like the mist away ?
Fiercely we turned to bay

Not like the others.
The mild Algonquin race,
Melted before their face,
Leaving a roomy place
For their white brothers.

But we from sea to lake
Had made the wide earth shake ;
And braves like women quake
As they were drunken.
We give our hunting grounds !
Give up our burial mounds !
Whimper like beaten hounds
Like the Algonquin !

We of the forest free,
Born into liberty,
We, lords of all we see
In our own valleys.
Their chief across the waves,
Asked for Iroquois braves,
To be the chained slaves,
Of his war galleys ?

Should we the mighty, then,
We, the Iroquois men,
Smoke the peace pipe with them
With these marauders !
No ! we, the feared in strife,
Hunted the precious life,
With the red scalping knife,
Through all our borders.

If the fierce war-whoop rung,
In the Iroquois tongue,
And the red warriors sprung
On the pale faces ;

Let, then, the guilt accursed,
Fall heaviest and worst,
On who raised the hatchet first
Of the two races.

In the sweet moon of leaves,
When birds the soft nest weaves,
And the free water heaves
Beneath the blue heavens.
Upwards the white braves go,
Vowed to meet us foe to foe,
Landed at the wild Long Sault,
In the calm spring even.

Danlac, their biggest brave,
Gathered a band to save,
The rest from a bloody grave,
From our revenges.
Not for their own land they
Fought as they did that day ;
But to take ours away
And to have vengeance.

We vowed, in warrior pride,
To rise, a rushing tide,
And sweep the country wide,
With a death riddance.
To burn their palisades,
And to the forest glades,
In change for Indian maids,
Bear their white maidens.

In painted plumed array,
Hot, panting for the fray,
Our paddles beat the spray
Of the wild water.
Shot through the rapids white,

The war cry of our might,
Rose as we flashed in sight,
Eager for slaughter.

Then scouting watchers run,
Then loud alarm of drum,
Shouts of, "The foe! they come,"
Rung through the forest.
Then we, three hundred strong,
Burning with sense of wrong,
Raised our loud battle song,
Sounding the onset.

From the old fort there broke,
Volleying flame and smoke,
And the loud echoes woke
With pale face thunder.
And shot in torrents fell,
As if the hottest hell,
Of which the black robes tell;
Opened in wonder,

Woe to the white race, woe!
Wild we dashed at the foe,
Showering blow on blow
On their defences.

We with our bosoms bare,
Surged up against their lair;
They in a brave despair,
Behind their fences,

Belched out a fiery hail.
Like leaves in autumn pale,
Fell we before that gale
In the death heaping.
Till the young grass grew red
With the blood blanket spread,
Under Iroquois dead,
In glory sleeping.

Sank down the big round sun,
And the red fight was done,
To be again begun
 In the grey dawning ;
Remained there but twenty two,
With whom we had to do,
Of that devoted few
 For whom death was yawning.

Charged we at the fort again,
Axes crashed through heart and brain,
Heaps on heaps fell our slain
 The red price paying.
We fell as leaves before the gale,
But of the faces pale,
None lived to tell the tale
 Of that grim slaying.

The fort was taken at last,
Blood and fire mingling fast,
Death's bitterness was past,
 For none were breathing.
Where lay our enemies,
Side by side were swart allies,
Brave and pale-face mingled, lies
 Christian and heathen.

This feat of arms that gave
Unto these bravest brave,
Death and a bloody grave,
 Is told in story.
All the valour and the might,
Of the pale-face in the fight,
When the story's told aright,
 We will share the glory.

A SATIRE.

A HUMBLE IMITATION.

THE rage for writing has spread far and wide,
Letters on letters now are multiplied,
And every mortal, who can hold a pen,
Aspires in haste to teach his fellow men.
Paper in wasted reams, and seas of ink,
Prove how they write who never learned to think ;
Some who have talents—some who have not sense ;
Some who to decency make no pretence ;
But, skilled in arts which better men deceive,
They spread the slander which they don't believe.
A township turned to scribblers is a sight !
Venting their malice all in black and white,
And with, apparently, no other aim
Than merely to be foaming out their shame.
—My own, my beautiful, my pride,
I must lament where strangers will deride,
O'er thy degenerate sons whose strife and hate
Will make thee as a desert desolate.
Men of gray hairs are not ashamed to strive
From house to house to keep the flame alive,
Whispering, inventing, without rest or pause,
With a " zeal worthy of a better cause."
Drilling low agents, teaching them to fly,
And spread on every fence the last new lie.
Oh that it were with us as in the past,
And that our peace had been ordained to last.
When kindness reigned and angry passions slept,
E'er hatred's serpent to our Eden crept,
Are these the same or of a different race
From those who made this spot a pleasant place,
When cheerful toil, mingled with praise and prayer.
Wealth without pride and plenty without care,

When comely matrons wore the homespun suit,
And mocassons encased his worship's foot,
No brawling then disturbed the quiet air,
No drunkard's ravings, and no swearer's prayer,
The godly fathers all are passed away,
Gone to their rest before the evil day.
The sons serve other gods, bow at their shrine,
Of the bright dollar, or the gloomy pine.
While envy, jealousy, and low purse pride,
Those who were loving brethren now divide,
Like fabled pismires how the scrambling race,
For the small honours of a country place.
And thou, who hast a spark of nature's fire,
What are thy aims son of a godly sire ?
Thy good right hand, and calculating brain,
Have given thee wealth with honour in its train.
Others may strive with anxious cares and fears,
Thou hast much goods laid up for many years,
Wilt thou forget the line from which thou'rt sprung ?
Deem rich men always right and poor men wrong ?
Forget thy early friends and bearing free ?
When thou art angry have no charity ?
Shall wealth, not worth, and vulgar pomp and show,
Be the sum total of all good below ?
Shall we, then, cease for innate worth to scan ?
Look to the new made coat and not the man ?
Those who are raised in such an atmosphere
Are they who have the ever-ready sneer
At honest poverty, and at the road
To competence which their own fathers trod.
If men of worth will stoop among the vain,
We turn from them with sorrow and with pain.
Man may repent, reform, his steps retrace,
But is there renovation for a place ?
Will a community forego their strife,
Bury the tomahawk and scalping knife ?
Will pride, and will self interest prevail,
Where reason and where revelation fail.

Like cause makes like effect, abroad, at home—
 In this small township as in Greece or Rome.
 One motto is my moral, true and sad,
 Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

JUVENILE VERSES.

ON THE BIRTH OF ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

SING and rejoice,
 With heart and voice,
 An heir is born to the British Crown ;
 A royal son,
 A princely one,
 One born to glory and renown.

A nation's mirth
 Rose at his birth,
 On every side great joy prevails ;
 The nation's joy,
 The royal boy,
 Our dear Queen's infant, Prince of Wales,

With gladness we
 Rejoiced to see
 A virgin wear Britannia's crown,
 Then hailed the bride,
 By Albert's side,
 And saw her look benignly down.

And now with joy
 We hail thee boy,
 Heir of thy royal mother's fame ;
 And see our Isle
 With rapture smile,
 Resounding Albert Edward's name.

Edward, a name
Of deathless fame,
A name each British bosom hails,
That name we see
Revived in thee,
Another Edward Prince of Wales.

O blessings rest,
With kisses prest,
On that sweet infant bud that grows,
An early flower,
One born to power,
A scion of the royal rose.

Our bosoms burn,
To thee we turn,
In willing homage bend the knee ;
Hope of our Isle,
We see thee smile,
Edward the hero hail in thee.

We pray for thee,
Our king to be,
The greatest prince the world e'er saw.
May the great King
His blessings bring,
And be His Book of life thy law.

May God above,
In boundless love,
Guard thee and keep thee as his own,
And bless thee so,
That thou mayest grow
Up to support thy mother's throne.

May glory shine,
And grace combine,

Pure as thy father's life be thine.
 Mayest thou be strong
 Against all wrong,
 And be a Prince by Right Divine.

May future days
 Record the praise
 Of our Victoria's royal son.
 May all the earth
 Hear of his worth,
 And of the greatness he has won.

Innocent babe,
 In cradle laid,
 Unconscious cause of all this joy,
 Each Briton's prayer,
 For Britain's heir,
 Is "Angels guard thee, royal boy."

GRACE HILL, Nov., 1840.

THE BIBLE.

WRITTEN TO—— WITH ONE.

THE book of life to thee is given,
 To warn of death, to guide to Heaven.
 Wanderer on the wild astray,
 Here wilt thou find the King's highway.
 Has thy soul suffered, hunger, pain,
 Trying to feed on husks in vain?
 Here thou wilt find the palace fair,
 Where there is bread enough to spare.
 Thou'lt find where living waters roll,
 To satisfy the fainting soul.

Thou hast been thirsty, very sore,
Here come and drink and thirst no more,
Thou'lt find the pearl of greatest price
Hid in the Master's promises.
And so this book to thee is given
To warn of hell, to guide to Heaven.

GRACE HILL, 1842.

THE ADIEU TO ELIZA.

THE night was bright and beautiful,
The dew was on the flower,
The stars were keeping watch, it was
The lover's parting hour.

The night wind rippled o'er the wave,
The moon shone on the two,
The boat was waiting, part they must,
"Eliza, love, adieu!"

"You know how fondly I have loved,
How long, how true, how dear,
And though fate sends me far away
My heart will linger here.

"Bright hope, the lover's comfort, can
Alone my heart console,
Or soothe the pain of parting with
The empress of my soul.

"When other suitors vainly talk
Of fondly loving you,
Remember him who truly loved
As no one else can do.

“ I'll think upon the place contains
My dark-eyed source of bliss,
When roaming idly, blindly through
The gay metropolis.

“ Weep not, weep not, my dearest girl,
Your tears my bosom pain ;
Remember,” fondly added he,
“ We part to meet again.”

He made her pledge him heart to heart
She would not him forget,
Asked her to sigh when at the spot
Where they had often met.

He spoke much of how deep was stamped
Her image on his mind ;
One more adieu, the boat was gone,
And she was left behind.

True was the maiden, and she kept
While weeks and months took wing,
His name deep treasured in her heart,
As 'twere a sacred thing.

And he—did he return again
Her long love to repay ?
No ! in good sooth, as Byron says,
He laughed to flee away.

G. HILL, 1839.

TO MY VALENTINE.

1844.

Adieu ! Adieu ! may angels guard thee,
Hovering near thee night and day,
For all thy good deeds God reward thee,
The rest forgive and blot away.

May no gift nor grace be missing,
May He all on thee confer,
And add a heartfelt prayer and blessing
From the distant wanderer.

O'er the trackless, foaming ocean,
In weal or woe, ever shall be
Mingled in my heart's devotion
Many a prayer for thine and thee.

What tho' across thy memory never
Shall flit my once familiar name,
Hallowed by distance, thine for ever,
Memory shall conjure up again.

All thy follies ever hidden,
All thy virtues raised above,
Thy name, so long, so much forbidden,
Strangers shall learn from me to love.

Adieu ! and may we meet in heaven,
Through Him, the Lord, who guides our ways ;
And he to whom much was forgiven,
Shall swell the highest notes of praise.

FIRST LOVE.

(A. S.) 1845.

WE met—he was a stranger,
His foot was free to roam;
I was a simple maiden,
Who had never left my home.

He was a noble scion
Of the green Highland pine,
To a strange soil transplanted,
Far from his native clime.

And well his bearing pleased me,
For I had never seen
Keener eye, or smile more sunlit,
Or more dignity of mien.

His brow was fair and lofty,
Bright was his clustering hair;
I marvelled that to other eyes
He seemed not half so fair.

His it was to plead with men,
With "Thus my Lord hath said;"
He stood God's messenger between
The living and the dead.

When I heard how earnestly
His pleading message ran,
I said, "Here God has set his seal
To mark a perfect man."

The rapture of a moment
Came suddenly to me;

With softened glance he asked me,
"Could you learn to think of me?"

The star of love shone o'er us ;
His arm was round me thrown,
And he fondly said he loved me,
And loved but me alone.

I was but a simple maiden,
Village born and village bred,
And when this crown of gladness,
Dropped down upon my head,

A simple maiden's feelings
That moment sprang awake,
I wished myself rich, noble,
And lovely for his sake.

Ah, love akin to sorrow !
Ah, ecstasy so fleet !
Why is parting made the surer
When the meeting is so sweet ?

Quick as the flash of summer,
Came bliss to fade too soon,
My poor heart swelled, as ocean
Swells for the lady moon.

I saw him at the altar
Upon a morning fair,
The matron, and the maiden,
And paranymp were there.

There were holy words, and wishes,
And smiles when tears would start,
A fair bride stood beside him,
And I—I stood apart.

Then came the parting moment,
 After I loved him well;
 I stilled my heart's sore beating,
 And so I said farewell,

And oh ! may no remembrance
 Cause him a moment's pain ;
 But yet, indeed, I loved him,
 And I'll never love again.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

WE little children join to praise
 The Holy Child of endless days.
 The Lord of glory undefiled
 Was once like us a little child.

Chorus.—“ Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing,
 Let us praise him, praise him, praise him, bring-
 ing
 Happy voices, voices, voices ringing
 Like the songs of the angels round the throne.”

He hears the ravens when they call,
 He sees the little sparrows fall,
 He heard the little children sing
 Hosanna to the Saviour King.

Sweetly, &c.

O Jesus, we sing to praise thee,
 Who said let children come to me ;
 We gather round the mercy seat,
 O let our songs to thee be sweet.

Sweetly, &c.

Jesus, our Master, Lord and King,
Spread over us thy sheltering wing,
Keep us unspotted, let us be
Thy children singing praise to thee.
Sweetly, &c.

ANSWER TO BURNS' ADDRESS TO THE DE'IL.

O THOU wild rantin' wicked wit ;
Are thy works, thy fame livin' yet ?
Will thae daft people never quit
An ne'er ha'e done
Disturbin' me in my black pit
Wi' Burn's fun.

Though mony years ha'e fled away
Sin' thou wert buried in the clay,
Thy rhymes, unto this vera day,
Are mair than laws ;
Thy name's set up on ilka bra'
Wi' great applause.

And yet, thou wonder-workin' chiel,
I'd let ye' charm Scotch bodies weel,
But that " Address unto the De'il "
Made i' your sport,
Has raised a maist revengefu' squeel
In my black court.

Still by the names you gi'e I'm greeted,
By every Lallan tongue repeated,
I canna turn but what I meet it,
In toun or village ;
My bluid, though hot enough, is heated
Till 't boils wi' rage.

My deeds that ha'e been handed down,
 Sin' I aspired to Heaven's crown,
 By thee, Rab, lad, dressed up in rhyme,
 To do me skaith,
 Are circling still the empire roun'
 After thy death.

Ye say I roam in search o' prey,
 An' rest na' neither nicht nor day ;
 A' that ye heard ye'r grannie say
 Ye hae confest,
 An' mair than hinted at my stay
 In Robin's breast.

My secret agents everywhere,
 A' Scotland roun', but maist in Ayr,
 O guid abuse their ain' an' mair
 Ye try to gie them ;
 Nae credit tae ye that ye were
 Acquainted wi' them.

O' ghaists an' kelpies deeds, you ken,
 Hauntin' the foord and lonely glen,
 Lurin' the tipsy sons of men
 In bogs to die ;
 O' auld wives girnin' but an' ben
 Ower bewitched Rye.

An' screeden down wi' wicked han',
 O' my deep laid successfu' plan ;
 Vexed at the idlest o' man,
 Your faither Adam ;
 That got him sent to till the lan',
 Him and his madam.

You are like money I ha'e saw,
 For though ye kenned I caused the fa', }

An' as ye say, "maist ruined a',"
In that same hour,
You did na strive to get ava
Out o' my power.

At Kirk you'd neither pray nor praise;
But on the lassies ye wad gaze,
Notice neat feet, blue eyes, fine claes,
Or Jenny's bonnet,
An makin rhyme on what ye ha'e,
Seen creeping on it.

Hech Rab ye were na blate ava,
Ae time ye're mockin Kirk an' a',
An' then tae me ye gie' your jaw,
Or my abode,
An' tell how weel I laid my claw
On patient Job.

Aye! an' although ye richt weel knew
That I wi' masons had to do
Ye could na' rest, oh, no, not you!
Till numbered wi' them;
Gi'en your "heart's warm fond adieu,"
When gaun to lea them.

An' aft ye did your sire provoke,
By jest and jeer at better folk,
A' solemn thought wad end in smoke,
Sae wad his teachin';
And fun wad fly in jibe an' joke
At lang faced preachin'.

The mair they frowned, you joked the mair,
O' grave ye had a scanty share,
The verra text ya wadna spare,
Be't e'er sae holy,

An' rhymin' ower the pithy prayer
O' pious Willie.

Aye' Rab, ye rail it at me and mine,
Yet hungert after things divine,
I kenn'd how sairly ye wad pine,
For deeds ill done ;
Ower talents lost, ower wasted time,
For sake o' fun.

An' then remorse wi' pickled rod,
Wad gie' ye mony a lash an' prod ;
But aye ye went the rantin' road,
An prone tae err,
You sair misca'd douce men o' God
An Holy Fair.

I winna say it is untrue
What's certified o' me by you,
If ilka ane their duty'd do
As quick an' weel,
As I, my certie ! they'd get through,
Spite o' the De'il.

There's ae guid turn ye did for me,
An' I acknowledge't full an' free,
In praisin' up the barley bree
" In tuneful line ;"
Nae bard but you its praise could gie
In words sae fine.

An' listen tae me 'Rab, my man,
I dinna ken a better plan,
To ser' my turn wi' silly man
An wark them ill,
Than charming them to pleasure drawn
Frae the whisky gill,

This is what gars me maist complain,
 Maist as weel kenned as mine's your name;
 Auld Scotia claims ye as her ain,
 Her dearest one;
 An' that daft gilpey, Madam Fame,
 Owns thee her son.

I thocht that jests wad flee fu' fain,
 Forgetfulness come in again,
 That I wad claim ye as my ain,
 Tae haud an bin' ye
 But noo through a' o' my domain
 I canna fin' ye.

Noo fare ye weel, whaure'er ye be,
 Ane thing I ken ye're no wi' me,
 I ha'e searched high an' low to see,
 By spells an' turns;
 Sae I maun even let ye be,
 O Robert Burns.

G. Hill, 1840.

SEPARATION.

ELIZABETH TO WALTER.

HE has come and he has gone,
 Meeting, parting, both are o'er;
 And I feel the same dull pain,
 Aching heart and throbbing brain
 Coming o'er me once again,
 That I often felt before.

For he is my father's son,
 And, in childhood's loving time

He and I so lone, so young ;
No twin blossoms ever sprung,
No twin cherries ever clung,
Closer than his heart and mine.

He is changed, ah me ! ah me !
Have we then a different aim ?
Shall earth's glory or its gold
Make his heart to mine grow cold ?
Or can new love kill the old ?
Leaving me for love and fame.

Oh, my brother fair to see !
Idol of my lonely heart,
Parting is a time of test,
Father, give him what is best,
Father keep him from the rest,
Bless him though we fall apart.

Well I know love will not die,
It will cause us bliss or pain ;
We may part for many years,
But my loving prayers and tears,
Rising up to Him who hears,
Will yet draw him back again.

From the fount of tenderness,
All the past comes brimming up ;
When his brow is touched with care,
When no grief of his I share,
When we're separated far,
It will be a bitter cup ;
Bless him from before Thy throne,
Thus my heart to Thee makes moan ;
Keep him Lord where he is gone.

TO ANNE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

LET mirth and joy a season reign,
And sorrow flee away ;
Sadness were perfect sin, it is
My Anne's natal day.

And now a birthday rhyme for her,
This sister of my own ;
Accept the song then for my sake,
Sister, and only one,

So long we've lived together here,
Our hopes and fears the same,
Like two of autumn's last-grown leaves,
Last of our race and name.

The past we know, its grief and joy,
Its pleasure and its pain ;
But know not what may happen ere
Your birthday comes again.

Shall we be cradled in the deep,
Beneath the briny wave ?
Or shall the white deer lightly bound
Over my forest grave ?

Or living, yet divided far,
With lands and seas between,
And sorrow reigning in the hearts
Where childhood's joy has been.

The future's sealed, we know it not,
But wander where we will,
On this broad earth we shall remain
Lone, loving sisters still.

TO ISABEL.

(ISABELLA STEWART.)

SINCE ere I left my native isle,
My childhood's home, life's happy smile,
And crossed the separating seas,
Nothing my lonely heart could please,
Till now—and oh, I cannot tell
How I admire thee, Isabel!

There are, in my dear island green,
Most lovely faces to be seen,
Beautiful eyes, with kindly glee,
Beamed there in laughing love on me ;
Now I'm alone from day to day,
They're all three thousand miles away.

A stranger's face each face I see,
And every eye is cold to me,
No friendly voice, no kind caress,
No spell to break the loneliness,
Until I fell beneath the spell
Of thy rare beauty, Isabel.

I watch thee from my window pane,
In hopes a stolen glimpse to gain.
I know that purely lovely face,
I know that form of stately grace,
The sweet blue eye, the silken hair
Whose tresses shade thy forehead fair.

Thy beauty, like God's summer flowers,
Blesses and cheers this world of ours ;
Thy smile, the sunshine clear and true,
Of a bright spirit looking through.

But words of mine can never tell
All of thy praise, fair Isabel.

Fair Isabel ! fair Isabel !
I learned to know thy beauty well ;
It rose upon my exiled sight,
A very treasure of delight ;
My loneliness so comforting,
That my caged heart began to sing.

And if I sing thy beauty's fame,
Thy loveliness is all to blame,
I loved before I understood
That in thy veins flowed Erin's blood,
And I could not help but tell
Of the fair maiden, Isabel.

On earth the fairest, sweetest spot
I'll leave and shall regret it not,
Since I have left my earthly home
What matter is it where I roam,
Not to the hill I bid farewell
But to the gentle Isabel.

Accept, then, from an Irish heart,
This humble tribute ere we part ;
For thou to me art very dear,
The lone star of my sojourn here,
To thee I sadly bid farewell,
God bless the maiden, Isabel !

V. K. HILL, 1845.

ISABEL.

(ISABELLA STEWART.)

HEART of mine, by thy quick beating,
Thou knowest Isabel is near,
And the gladness of the greeting
Dims my eye with rapture's tear.
Heart of mine, each beat will tell
How I love young Isabel.

When I first beheld the maiden,
So fair to see, so sweet to bless,
I, a stranger, sorrow laden,
Arrested by her loveliness,
Then I thought some hand would set,
On that brow a coronet.

She had grace all hearts beguiling,
She had the wealth of silken hair,
And sweet lips, half proud; half smiling,
Neck of snow and bosom fair,
And each eye a sapphire gem
For a monarch's diadem.

Oh, she was peerless in her beauty,
Like the fair moon she walked alone,
And loving her was but a duty;
A spell her loveliness had thrown;
And I thought that I could trace
Erin's pencil on her face.

With the fervour of my nation,
I worshipped her as months went by;
She was the one constellation,
In my cheerless sky;

Though on me there never fell
One kind glance from Isabel.

Heart of mine we love, we love her,
She is still our lady bright,
Fairest of them all we prove her
Queen of beauty as her right.
And in simple verse we tell
The praises of fair Isabel.

THOUGHTS.

I AM glad when men of genius
Array a common thought,
In imperishable beauty
That it cannot be forgot.

The heart thoughts all bright and burnished
By high poetic art,
As sweet as the wood-bird's warble
Touching the very heart.

Have not I, poor workday mortal,
Some thoughts of living light,
In the spirit's inner chambers,
Moving with spirit might ?

And they come in the fair spring time
Of heart and life and year,
When sweet Nature's wild rejoicings,
Draws votaries very near

To the heart of all that's lovely
On earth and in the sky ;

Making audible the music
Of the inner melody.

Underlying all the sunshine,
Whispering through every breeze,
As it crests the ruffled ocean
Or sways the forest trees.

Bright thoughts that are heart prisoners
Vibrating on its chords,
For, alas ! I have not genius
To bring them forth in words.

But full oft, like friendship's greeting
Upon life's weary way,
Do I meet in other's language
What I most wished to say.

To such words my bosom echoes,
I feel they are my own,
They bright echo of my day dreams,
That else were ever flown.

Ah to think, ye men of genius,
What joy your art affords,
Giving to the thoughts of millions
The dress of glowing words !

And a blessing on these words then
To bear them far and free ;
That they glad the hearts of many
As they have gladdened me.

TO J. W.

DEAR Jane, you say you will gather flowers,
To win, if you may, a verse from me ;
Can you bring to me those brilliant hours
When life was gladdened by poesy ?

Bring me the rose with pearls on her breast,
Dropped down as tears from early skies ;
Pale lilies gather among the rest,
And little daisies, with starry eyes.

The heart's-ease bring, for many a day
In vain for that flow'ret fair I sought ;
Turn not your gathering hand away
From the wee blue flower, "forget me not."

Unless inspiration on them rest,
In vain you tempt me to rise and sing ;
The passage bird that sang in my breast
Has fled away with my life's young spring.

My harp on a lonely grave is laid,
Untuned, unstrung, it will lie there long,
If you bring flowers alone, dear maid,
Without bringing the spirit of song.

But accept the friendship, that can spring
Out of this romantic heart of mine,
Devoted, true and unwithering,
And for ever thine, for ever thine.

THE ORPHAN'S GOOD-BYE.

WHEN my heart was sad and lonely,
And had closed its inmost cell
Over the impulsive feelings
That rule my nation's hearts too well.

When the tie was cut asunder,
That had bound me to a home,
And I felt the desolation
Of being in the world alone ;

When I first, the veil assuming,
Masked before a treacherous world,
And the hopes romance expanded
Reality had sternly furled ;

And the touch of disappointment,
Blighted what was green and fair ;
And the spirit's bright revealings
Are not so hopeful as they were.

Precious are the words of kindness,
Falling on the heart like dew,
Freshening, though, alas for weakness,
They cannot make things new.

Thoughts come warm from that deep fountain
Where the hidden feelings dwell,
First to thank thee, noble stranger,
Then to say a kind farewell.

1846.

TO ANNIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SISTER, sweet sister, years have passed away,
Since first, 'mid warm hearts, sunny, frank and true,
I commenced rhyming on thy natal day,
On the green sod where Erin's shamrock grēw.

'Twas in that age that ne'er returns again,
Whose tears are but as dew on Summer flowers ;
And young, warm hearts beat kindly round us then,
And eyes beamed brightly, answering love to ours.

And now an exile from my native land,
Thinking of well remembered, loved Grace Hill,
To mine own sister verses I will send,
Worthless, yet proving that I love her still.

It is thy birthday, and I am alone,
Thinking of that dear land that gave us birth ;
The land of hearts that beat to truth alone,
The brightest emerald gem of all the earth.

These fond regrets that press around my heart,
And bring a pain I cannot rise above,
Makes thee still dearer here, alone, apart,
For fate has left me nothing else to love.

Changing life and ever swallowing death,
Have taken what I loved against my will,
But, never mind, for thou, kind hearted, true,
Changeless and noble, thou art left me still.

Happy returns I surely wish thee, Ann,
In this new land that's fated to be ours ;
And may you have a happy heart, that can
Enjoy the sunshine, and endure the showers.

GONE.

THE heavens look down with chilly frown,
The sun blinks oot wi' watery e'e,
The drift flies fast upon the blast,
The naked trees moan shiveringly.

The sun is gone, by mists withdrawn,
Muffling his head in snow-clouds grey,
The earth turns white, against the night,
The laden winds drive furiously.

The flowers are slain that graced the plain,
The earth is locked wi' bitter frost ;
And my heart cries to stormy skies
After the dreary loved and lost.

The spring will come, the flowers will bloom,
The leaves in beauty clothe the tree,
But never more, oh, never more,
Will my lost darling come to me.

Beyond the skies her happy eyes
Look fearlessly in eyes Divine ;
The bitter smart, the hungry heart,
Waiting with empty arms, is mine.



